

MAN'S ADVENTURE

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PBC

ANITA EKBERG'S FAREWELL
TO CHEESECAKE

the China Sea ran red ...
... WITH BLOOD

I'LL NEVER MARRY A VIRGIN

THE TEN HOTTEST KISSES IN HISTORY





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ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER

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I'd like to give this to my fellow men... while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillac, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By **NED B. MASON**

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it, I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept

something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depression, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turn-

ing out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesman. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

NED B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Avenue
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RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW!

...and I'll PROVE How EASILY You Can Have It...

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WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"—that's my secret! It's the **NATURAL** method that I myself developed to change my body from the miserable skinny-chested wackling I was at 17 to my present "World's Most Perfectly Developed" body. Thousands have become marvelous physical specimens my way. I want YOU to be next!

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now 19281; now 19301; now 19321; now 19341; now 19361; now 19381; now 19401; now 19421; now 19441; now 19461; now 19481; now 19501; now 19521; now 19541; now 19561; now 19581; now 19601; now 19621; now 19641; now 19661; now 19681; now 19701; now 19721; now 19741; now 19761; now 19781; now 19801; now 19821; now 19841; now 19861; now 19881; now 19901; now 19921; now 19941; now 19961; now 19981; now 20001; now 20021; now 20041; now 20061; now 20081; now 20101; now 20121; now 20141; now 20161; now 20181; now 20201; now 20221; now 20241; now 20261; now 20281; now 20301; now 20321; now 20341; now 20361; now 20381; now 20401; now 20421; now 20441; now 20461; now 20481; now 20501; now 20521; now 20541; now 20561; now 20581; now 20601; now 20621; now 20641; now 20661; now 20681; now 20701; now 20721; now 20741; now 20761; now 20781; now 20801; now 20821; now 20841; now 20861; now 20881; now 20901; now 20921; now 20941; now 20961; now 20981; now 21001; now 21021; now 21041; now 21061; now 21081; 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DID YOU KNOW THAT...

SAFETY FEATURE

If you're stalled on a railroad track with a flooded engine on a standard shift automobile, your battery can save your life. Just put the car in gear and hit the starter button repeatedly. This will make the auto buck at each contact, jerking you ahead just enough to carry you over the rails. But it's still better to put the car into a lower speed BEFORE moving onto the tracks.

JUST AN AVERAGE

The average American uses six pounds of salt a year; 160 pounds of beef; changes position while sleep-



ing about once each seven minutes; takes about seventeen breaths a minute; and uses about fourteen matches a day.

ISN'T THAT GUMMY

Chewing gum can come in handy in cleaning a freshly painted surface. If specks of dust get on fresh paint, you can remove them easily. Take a piece of gum. Let it warm for a few minutes, until it is good and soft, and then use it as a blotter to pick up the dust specks. Warning—Do not attempt to soften the gum by chewing!

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

It's not a rarity for a thief to regret his crime. More often than you think someone steals the most idiotic objects imaginable, or else chooses something that while it looks good is actually useless. Take

for example the person or persons who lifted a violin from a Dallas, Texas, church. According to church officials, the instrument is strung backwards, the D-string is knotted, the seams are bucking, the neck has been notched with a knife and parts fall out whenever the instrument is handled. Besides—the thief left the bow behind.

FINALLY

For thousands of years mankind has lived happily under the Biblical promise of a normal life-span of three score and ten. Well, we've finally made it. According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who should know if any one does, the insurance company's Industrial policyholders can now expect to reach their seventieth birthday.

LOVE CAN CONQUER ALL

In Merrie Old England when a girl falls in love she stays that way. How else can you explain the London girl whose fiance was arrested for robbing her mother and father. The lass promised, nevertheless to marry the lad just as soon as he got out of jail.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER . . .

In Denver, Colorado, a 49-year-old woman hotel desk clerk hit an armed robber on the head with a



nightstick, made a direct hit on him with a vacuum bottle as he stepped back, rapped him on the fingers

with the club when he made a last grab for the hotel's money, and explained to the police after he'd fled that "He made me mad with his brushness!"

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

And an Idaho Falls, Idaho man, picking a name completely at random from the local telephone book,



to sign to a bogus check, found to his regret that the name he picked belonged to the county Prosecuting Attorney.

TRAFFIC JAM—BUT GOOD

The Association of Casualty and Surety Companies has announced that if all the motor vehicles, registered in America were moving bumper to bumper, at one time, the line would stretch for more than 200,000 miles. This would be the same as having all the vehicles occupy a 70 lane highway between San Francisco and New York.

GLUE ON THE SADDLE!

A Marissa, Illinois resident sprinkled the inside of his shoes with what he believed to be talcum powder. Later, when trying to take them off . . . he discovered that he had used a dental powder, designed to keep false teeth permanently in place.

\$40,000

**FORTUNE
IN CASH!**

**CASH
PRIZES**

**HOURS
OF FUN!**

"NAME OF FAME" CONTEST!

Do you enjoy the fun, excitement and thrills of solving picture puzzles? Sure you do... everybody does... especially when your skill can bring you as much as \$25,000 in cold cash. And right now is your chance to share in the action, the challenge, and... yes... the cash awards, too... of one of the greatest puzzle contests ever run in the United States! It's the sensational new National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest, just getting under way... with 200 great cash prizes totaling \$40,000!

Just think what you could do with prize money like

that... all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home... free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be a prize winner of any of 200 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now, and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$25,000 cash prize bonus along with first prize of \$22,500—a grand total of \$25,000.



1st PRIZE

AS MUCH AS

\$25,000.00

PLUS 200 BIG CASH

AWARDS, SUCH AS:

2nd Prize.....\$5,000.00

3rd Prize.....2,500.00

4th Prize.....1,500.00

5th Prize.....1,000.00

6th thru 10th ea. 200.00

Plus 190 additional
Cash Prizes

Grand Total \$40,000.00

**THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU
SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!**



This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

**SAMPLE
PUZZLE**

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betty Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Beck



HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

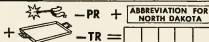
Write Your Answer in Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!



**PUZZLE
NO. ONE**

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Gulliver's Travels ☐ Ira Sherman



PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY

**IN 2 YEARS \$133,000.00 AWARDED
FROM NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS**

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whole lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club... with prizes of an additional \$40,000... will raise that grand total to \$173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are held in escrow at the BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.

To All Puzzle Entrants

The Puzzle Encyclopedia

FREE GIFT! Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.



Write Your Answer in Coupon Below.

We Send Complete Contest Details Immediately.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Give Yourself A Chance To Win \$2,500.00 PROMPTLY AWARD

Horner Contest Book Club, Inc.
509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 215 N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT)

I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

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How to Run a RESTAURANT...

Get into a Good MONEY MAKING BUSINESS of Your Own!

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How to Get a Good Job

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How to be a MIXING DRINKS

How to be a WATCHMAKER

How to be a JEWELER

How to be a LOCKSMITH

How to be a WATCHMAKER

How to be a JEWELER

LOCKSMITHING & Key Making

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How to Develop Your Memory And Put It To Practical Use

Better English

How to Write Songs

A Practical Course in

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How to Write Songs

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World-Famous Health & Medical Texts

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MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Please mark the practical concentrated course I have studied below. I understand each is complete and that this is the full price, nothing more for me to pay. I have this right to examine each course for 10 full days. If I am not more than satisfied in any way I will return the material and you guarantee to make complete refunds without question or obligation. (Draw a circle around the number of each course you want.)

- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 6 | 11 | 16 | 21 | 26 | 31 | 36 | 41 | 46 | 51 | 56 | 61 | 66 | 71 | 76 | 81 | 86 | 91 | 96 |
| 1 | 6 | 11 | 16 | 21 | 26 | 31 | 36 | 41 | 46 | 51 | 56 | 61 | 66 | 71 | 76 | 81 | 86 | 91 | 96 |

☐ I enclose \$_____ in full payment. Ship entire postpaid. ☐ Check here if where you are for a full 10-day examination. (In no case more than 10 days.) I understand each is complete and that this is the full price, nothing more for me to pay. I have this right to examine each course for 10 full days. If I am not more than satisfied in any way I will return the material and you guarantee to make complete refunds without question or obligation. (Draw a circle around the number of each course you want.)

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ZIP _____



The Ten HOTTEST KISSES in History

The following series of scenes

were all cut by wary censors,

from motion pictures produced

in all corners of the world!

by Taggart D'Aubreville

PROBABLY THE TOUGHEST decision that every producer of Motion Pictures must face is, just where does the line exist beyond which he dare not go. That's not quite as easy as you might think. Because the standards on which scenes are judged change, not only from state to state and country to country, but also from year to year. In addition, what may be fully permissible in one situation, would be unthinkable in others.

Even the judgments on what ought to be shown, and what ought not, are subject to argument. For example: are we right in attempting to divorce movies completely from life? Is it humanly possible to shield people from sex? Is nudity pornographic? Are Americans so different from their European ancestors as to make it impossible to show the former what every one of the latter takes as a matter of course?

We have a whole variety of censorship organizations, some legal, some unofficial, who attempt to



From the film "One Summer of Happiness," a scene of young love in a first wild surge of emotion.

"O.K. Nero" was primarily a dream picture. Here the hero, dreaming of a Roman orgy, imagines the excitement.



set up standards for the public. Leaving out the lay bodies as beyond the interest of this article, we must still face such groups as the U.S. Customs, the Post Office, the State licensing Commissions and the various City and Town police boards.

We, of MAN'S ADVENTURE, are against censorship, per se. We believe that the Public are the best judges of their own desires, tastes, likes, dislikes, needs and interests. We feel that if the public has a distaste for any subject or scene, the resulting "death at the box-office" will do more to bring recalcitrant producers into line than anything else. We believe that while "sexy" movies would unquestionably draw in large audiences at first, merely for the sake of the subject matter, the constant repetition would soon pall and sate the taste.

On these pages, we are showing you scenes from ten movies. All of them have been cen-

sored out of the films as they appeared on your screens. Most of them are of European origin, though at least one (page 13) is from an American production.

The question we are putting is not what the official guardians of Public Morals may have thought about them, but rather what you, the public, think about them?

Every single one of the European scenes was permitted on the screens of their own countries. All of them were considered normal, every-day descriptions of life in many other nations. And within those areas, none of the scenes, whether native or imported, were thought to be obscene.

Historians, their eyes on universal trends in both morality and social culture, have long commented on the Puritan outlook of the United States. They have proven conclusively, that we insist on a series



Another Swedish masterpiece, "The Naked Night," gives a picture of a violent embrace on a cabin floor.

In "The Mask of Korea," Erich von Stroheim appears as an actor. He chokes his love as he kisses her.



Zasu Pitts and Gibson Gowland in a scene from Erich von Stroheim's old time classic production, "Greed."



of standards for ourselves in public, that we make no pretense of obeying in private. We live under a series of conventions that all of us recognize as merely formal means of expressing the obvious.

Within our sacrosanct borders, the kiss is everything. Never, heaven preserve us, shall we show one iota more. Regardless of how the audience itself may behave, either in the theater itself, or afterwards, never shall we depict on the screen a like behavior. The kiss, and only the kiss is allowed.

Well then, let us stick to the kiss. On these pages we give you a fair sample of the methods by which the kiss is performed. More than likely, they are the ways in which you, yourself, kiss.

They range in passion from the utmost innocence, to outright violence; from debauchery to love's first dream; from tenderness to vicious cruelty. Yet all of them, the purest and most degraded alike, fell be-

fore the censor's shears. All of them were considered too hot, too obscene, too pornographic for the pure minds of our home-grown innocents.

Take the pictures on page 12, for example. One of them shows the first flame of young love. From the point of view of a Swedish audience, for whom it was made, it is as devoid of evil implications as a first kiss after a high school prom. The film, minus this and a very few other scenes was shown, profitably, in theaters across the face of the United States. The story line was obviously passable. On that basis, why make cuts? Is the nudity of this particular scene so horrible, so degrading, so loaded with lust as to inflame the passions of a normally healthy adult movie-goer?

The other illustration is a scene, cut from the motion picture "OK NERO." This light and frothy comedy, while no earth-shaker as movies go, was



The Italian motion picture, "The Sins of the Borgios," made on honest effort to show the period as it was.

Boy and girl relax together in the Swedish movie, "Monika." Only the position of the boy was censorable.



still a fun piece, aiming to entertain, to cause laughter and to instill a feeling of lightness, gaiety and jest. Every implication, every innuendo, every double-meaning was left in the movie. The viewer was allowed to let his imagination run riot. Everyone knew what was taking place, but they were not permitted to see the details. And, to be completely honest, isn't it true that the average mind can dream up far dirtier, far more lascivious scenes than any ever filmed for the movie screen?

Whenever the subject of movie censorship is discussed, someone always brings up the twin problems of the young, and the abnormal. They are there, folks are in the habit of saying, and we can't ignore them! Well, of course, nobody wants to ignore them. But does that mean that they should become the arbiters of our lives? Are we to be ruled by lunatics and children?

POSSIBLY THE answer may lie in a system of grading films for the audience, rather than outright cutting. A good part of the world follows that line quite successfully. In that way, children could be screened out of the audience and adults could still enjoy adult entertainment.

As to the other category, the abnormals, we must say right from the beginning that they're not totally sane individuals. Since the average American is not nuts, there is little sense in forcing him to live

under the same rules of conduct as an asylum!

Naturally, the problem always exists as to just how far we ought to go. A line of good taste obviously exists. Where is it? How much of life, as it is lived is actually fit to be shown in public? Where does realism end and pornography begin?

These are legitimate questions and we are not trying to duck them. They've got to be faced.

Of course, from a purely theoretical point of view, all censorship is bad. Ideally, there is nothing that exists that ought to be hidden from the public eye.

But that is only theory. There IS a point at which the public taste is outraged, despite our natural inner desires for excitement.

As a first rule, and one that is usually used as a guide in almost all censorship: *That which is performed in public by the average human being can safely be shown in public.* The normal man and

Another scene from "Sins of the Borgias" displays the wild parties so common in the fifteenth century.



The German movie, "The Wedding March" gives an example of the unnatural love, so common on the Continent.



And that's where the trouble arises. Nobody can define, with any sort of preciseness, just what that standard is. It varies constantly, from group to group, from month to month, from fashion to fashion.

Thus we have the interpretation—if ordinary folks are not nudists, then nudism is bad. The human body must be evil, horrifying, pornographic etc., otherwise we would not mind showing it.

The identical arguments can be made regarding the kiss. People kiss in a hundred different ways. With few exceptions, they are perfectly legitimate methods of expressing affection. Why then, can't they be shown, publicly?

MAN'S ADVENTURE believes that they can and should. We honestly feel that there isn't one iota of badness in any of these scenes. They are straightforward, honest, fair and ordinary presentations of the way ordinary people behave on ordinary occasions.

Certainly the codes of censorship should be opened up a good deal more than they are at present. They should certainly not act according to preconceived attitudes of bias, or in conformity with a series of rigid rules that make absolutely no allowance for the various possibilities that a selection of situations may bring forth.

All we can do is keep on hoping that the censors, all of them, will gather more sense as they grow older. Ultimately, it's the public's responsibility. What they want, they're going to get, provided that they make their wants known. We certainly hope that they do tell their wishes. That's the method by which democracy operates. ●●●

woman do not exhibit their private passions in an open arena—therefor these more private displays should not be demonstrated on the screen.

Now this may be all right as a general rule, but it is equally apparent that as a specific guide, it doesn't work. Ordinary kisses are not normally performed in public. Neither are those moments leading up to more detailed sex. Yet these scenes are commonly shown on the screen. No one thinks twice about viewing performances explaining everything that goes before the clinical description. And even there, movies have been licensed, when all that was done to protect the viewer was to lift the camera away from the principal actors!

So we get a modification of the rule. *Things may not be shown which are ordinarily not discussed or described in the mixed company of well-brought-up ladies and gentlemen.*

DEATH in a rented room

by Nelson Withers

GIRLS who offer love for sale on the streets of London have a convenient working arrangement with saloon keepers. These men get the keys to nearby vacant stores and bouses by telling the owners they'll give the keys to anyone who wants to examine the property with the idea of leasing it. Then, for a small fee, they rent the keys to streetwalkers who take pickups there for the short periods at night necessary to transact the business of amour.

Nora Upchurch was a dark-eyed, full breasted beauty who used that method of operation. Besides helping her to feign respectability at the flat where she lived, it kept her boy friend, who was in the navy, in the dark. Most of all it was a time saver, because it took much less time to slip into a vacant building and satisfy a customer, than it did to take him to her place, get undressed, go to bed, get dressed again and walk back to her beat.

When Robert Wilkes, manager of a London display sign company, and his electrician, Frederick Field, found a girl's body in a vacant store on Shaftsbury Avenue, off Piccadilly Circus, they notified Scotland Yard. Superintendent George Cornish and several of his top assistants hurried to the scene.

"This place has been vacant for some time," Wilkes explained after Cornish examined the dead girl, found her mouth gagged with a large piece of cotton, and a



Scotland Yard may possibly make
one mistake, but it never makes two!



Frederick Field worked a neat stunt to avoid conviction. But then he started boasting.

green belt twisted about her neck. "We have a display sign in the front window. My electrician came here yesterday to repair it. He says he gave the keys to a prospective renter. We had to climb in through the rear window on New Compton Street."

The store was unkempt. Old newspapers were strewn all over the floors. The corpse had been found in the corridor just off the main room.

A divisional surgeon made his preliminary examination and said, "The girl has been dead about 122 hours. She was strangled by somebody's strong hands and then the twisted belt finished her off. She's about 25 years old."

The Scotland Yard men noted that the dead girl wore snakeskin shoes; and dragmarks indicated she had been brought from the rear room, through the corridor to where the body was found. She was a little more than five feet tall, a peroxide blonde, and it was obvious that she had been quite pretty when alive.

"The belt around her neck is from her own coat," Cornish said after examining it. "She was doubtless attacked in the rear room and brought to the corridor where her body couldn't be seen from the outside. The autopsy will tell us more."

This officer was well acquainted with prostitutes' routine of using vacant stores for their love making. He knew that if this were the case here it would be difficult to trace any casual pickup she made on the street. He turned to Field and inquired about the prospective renter to whom he said he had given the key.

"I was working here repairing a sign," the electrician said, "when this stranger came in. He had a letter authorizing me to turn the key over to him."

Field gave a full description of the man, but said he hadn't taken down his name and address. "I should have made him give me a receipt for the key or at least kept the letter saying he could have the key," Field admitted, "but I was busy working and didn't think about it until later."

THE DEAD girl's fingerprints were sent to the Criminal Record Office along with photographs. The Missing Persons Bureau started checking her features with those of listed persons. Operatives from Scotland Yard checked the Piccadilly Circus neighborhood in an effort to identify her. Following slim leads, these famous detectives went as far as the dockyard town of Chatham and from there to the nearby town of Gillingham. They found that the girl had been known under several names but that

her real name was Nora Upchurch. Her father, located in a remote part of London, said she had run away from home when she was 16. "I haven't seen her for two years," he said when told about the untimely death. "I don't know whether she was married or not."

Acquaintances of the dead girl said she had lived in Chatham, Gillingham and London.

"She claimed she was engaged to a sailor named Bruce Talbot," one of the other girls who hung around the West End cafes told a detective. "She was different from other girls. She liked music and poetry and stuff like that."

The slain girl's father made a formal identification at the inquest, but no clues as to who might have killed her came out at that time.

Scotland Yard reasoned that Nora Upchurch was killed by one of two persons: the man Field gave the key to or somebody she took into the vacant store herself.

The electrician went through hundreds of photographs at the Identification Bureau in a vain attempt to find the man with the key. The girl's flat was searched for a handbag since none was found at the scene of the crime. When the investigators met with no success they concluded Nora Upchurch was murdered by someone whom she thought was going to buy her charms.

A locksmith came forward and told about a man who had come to him to have several duplicate keys made. "He got the original from a cafe owner down the street," this witness stated. "I didn't think anything about it because I know streetwalkers use those places."

While the Yard men checked on this lead a man was brought in who answered the description Frederick Field had given of the stranger he'd given the key to. "He's the one," the electrician said. But a thorough check-up on the suspect's alibi showed that he wasn't even in London on the night of the murder.

The cafe owner and the man who had duplicate keys to neighborhood places made were questioned. It took a lot of explaining on their part, but they were cleared of all suspicion.

Bruce Talbot, the sailor boy friend, was brought in.

"I'm stationed at Chatham," he said. "And I did come to London to see Nora about a week ago. I don't like to say this, but I'd become suspicious of Nora. We were engaged and I thought she was lying to me about the way she made her living. She claimed she was a waitress. I'd seen a man's hat and gloves in her flat and I came back to try to check on just what she was doing. I watched her place from across the street but didn't see anything."

Talbot accounted for every minute of his time when the murder was committed. Scotland Yard released the disillusioned young sailor.

Since Frederick Field had made a wrong identification and no other suspect fitting the description he furnished had been turned up, Superintendent Cornish concentrated on the electrician himself. Field had owed some money before the crime and had paid the debt shortly afterward. He was the one man known to have a key to the vacant store. The evidence was circumstantial, but it was all the Yard men had.

A jury hearing this evidence failed to indict Frederick Field for the murder of Nora Upchurch. Their verdict "Willful murder by (Continued on page 42)



Anita Ekberg's

Farewell to

Cheesecake

..... TURN PAGE

Kicking up her shapely heels in obvious relish over her new-found freedom, Anita shows the world what it'll be missing.



Farewell to Cheesecake *continued*

One fine day last November, Anita Ekberg, actress and model, extraordinary, announced to a sad and startled world that she was through with cheesecake — forever! Luckily, MAN'S ADVENTURE had a star photographer right on the job. As Anita, in celebration of her shattering pronouncement, literally danced with joy, the final fling of farewell was eternally recorded on film. It will doubtless be preserved forever as an object lesson for future generations, a sample of all that they missed by being born too late!

But, as it must to all bright stars of the female firmament, stardom has now come to the luscious Anita. With a superb triumph in "War and Peace" behind her, with a home and husband before her, Anita is now in a position to call her own shots.

Nevertheless, it is the regret of all of us that we must be satisfied with only this vicarious enjoyment of the printed page. How much better to have been there in person! ♦♦♦



One last, frenetic fling, before Anita finally fades away!



BLACKMAIL?—

NO, IT'S
TREASON!

by Alfred Whistler

The communists have invented a neat little trap, designed to make our GI's pay with their lives for a moment of weakness!

DANNY WRIGHT WAS bored. For over two years he had been hanging around Germany, a part of the American Army. For most of that time he had tried awfully hard to act the part of a decent, young American. And for all of that time he had grown steadily more depressed.

Twenty-four months are not as short as they may seem, to a busy, contented citizen, at home among his friends. Alone, in a foreign land, with nothing but the most routine training to occupy the daylight hours, they can seem like twenty-four centuries. After all, how many movies, how much cards, how many sight-seeing tours can one man take? How often can he sit quietly in a barracks listening to his pals boast of their conquests, of their adventures, of their general hell-raising, without a large measure of discontent entering into his heart and soul.

Finally Danny decided that he had been a damn fool. Inside him, the pressures had built up to an absolute boiling point.

He was in Berlin, at the time. And Berlin is a city, known the world over as a place where anything goes. You name it and Berlin has it—for a price.

And there was a girl, a lovely girl. Danny had always heard that pickups were the easiest things in the world to arrange in the occupied city, but still

... this girl seemed different. She was so sweet, so carefree, so much the ordinary young thing, reminiscent of home. She needed money, she told him! Well, he'd expected that. This was a city that had gone through hell, and everything cost money ... even love.

Danny was more than willing to pay. This was no run of the mill girl of the street. This was something extra, something very, very special. And it was his ... for tonight! His to own! His chance to forget, if only for a few happy hours.

She took him to a fine neighborhood, to a well-furnished apartment. She gave him whiskey to drink, real whiskey, good and strong, the kind of stuff you buy for \$7.50 a fifth and up. There was music, and the air was filled with strong aromatic scents. The enchantment grew on Danny. His ardor increased beyond bounds.

We could draw a discreet curtain about the events that followed. They have a ring so familiar as to make further comment almost unnecessary ... except ...

A few months later Danny returned to the States, his military service a thing of the past. He settled down, got a job and married. He had a son, warm, small and full of the zest for living known only to brand new babies.

Then, one day, as Danny (Continued on page 59)





When 600 howling maniacs try
to seize a ship, all you can
do is fight back . . . and pray!

The China Sea Ran Red.... ...with BLOOD

by Captain Klaas A. Vlick
as told to August G. Lockwood

OUR ONLY WEAPONS were four old fashioned rifles and one revolver.

In the foreship we had 600 murderers, thieves and opium addicts who were being deported to China because they were too tough for the prison camps of Sumatra.

We expected trouble . . . and we got it . . . a mutiny so savage in its violence that it changed the history of China Sea shipping. Because we almost lost our ship—and our lives—the Netherlands East Indies government ordered well-armed Amboinese guards aboard ships of the Koninklijke Pekingvaart-Maatschappij, the famed KPM Line, whenever we sailed the China Run.

The stage was set for the mutiny aboard the SS Van Cloon when we sailed to Belawan Deli on the northeast coast of Sumatra where 600 convicts awaited deportation to China. In addition, the Van Cloon carried 900 deck passengers, 14 officers and 88 Chinese deckhands, firemen and stewards.

Her captain was Frits Schlette, a roly-poly, grey-haired dandy who was strict but fair, a tough captain. He spent much time each morning shaving and then, powdered and smelling strongly of face lotion, he roamed the ship on the lookout for the mistakes of junior officers.

The Chief, Anton Lagerway, was short and wiry, an ash blond with the temper of a redhead. Hans Corten, the second officer, was a burly, bear-like man with flaming black moustache. He was a humorous, easy-going fellow with great strength matched by great patience (Continued on page 33)



The owner of the most highly
developed figure in the
United States, tells
the world her biggest secret!



Twenty-five inches



Twenty-six inches



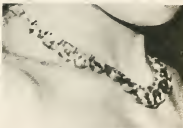
Forty inches



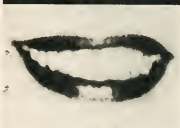
Forty-five and a half inches



Thirteen inches



Twelve and a half inches



Lovely and tempting!

The Care and Handling of MY TREASURE CHEST

by Evelyn West

I was quite surprised, frankly, when the editor asked that I write an article about my bosom. Of what possible interest, I wanted to know, would it be to male readers to read about that part of my anatomy I call my Treasure Chest?

The editor assured me we could scare up three or four red blooded men who might be interested.

Inasmuch as I've always been a sucker for red blooded men, I agreed.

I WAS FIFTEEN years old, and not long out of pigtails, when I became aware of the fact that Mr. Dior would never hire me to model The Flat Look. Unless, of course, you think a 36 inch bust is flat.

This, curiously, did not depress me. Rather, it filled me with one overwhelming ambition: to pass the forty inch mark. I had, you see, become aware of one other fact: that just as men rarely make passes at girls who wear glasses, it is also true that attentions are arrested by ladies full-chested.

How, though, was I to go about improving a situation that Mother Nature mightn't have wanted improved?

I stumbled upon the answer—quite by accident. The solution came in the form of pig rind.

Ever hear of cracklin's? They're the crisp brown rind of deep fried pork. Well, I took a liking to them, starting eating them every day, and in less time than it takes to butcher a pen of pigs, I was putting up the biggest front in my home state. (Oh, maybe I am overdoing that time span, but you get the idea.)

There are, of course, several ways in which your wife or sweetie can develop what need developing. Some girls believe in chin bar exercises. Some swear by deep breathing. Others resort to prayerful wishes, Channel swimming and (poor souls) falsies. I won't tell any girl how to be true to her own self. All I know is that I have gained nine-and-a-half inches of superstructure I wouldn't otherwise have had, if I hadn't been munching my cracklin's.

I might add that I still munch them, but now strictly because I love 'em. You might decide whether or not I still need them for development purposes by referring once again to the photographs at the right.

I'S PROBABLY no great secret that my abundant topdeck has contributed to my steady employment in theatres, burlesque houses and night clubs throughout the country. I am a singer, an actress and dancer, yes—but let's face it, honeys: that area between my neck and navel has not been a professional drawback. When I dine with a gentleman who has been watching my act (perhaps you haven't heard, by the way, that I'm not only unmarried but am not made angry by the more attractive members of your sex who ask me to dine), (Continued on page 44)



As the car pulls up even with the animal, the hunter leans out and grasps the running game by its ears.



THERE is hardly a sportsman alive in the world, who does not thrill at the prospect of hunting the wild ass. The excitement of the chase, the ardor of the pursuit, and the tremendous, enjoyable feeling of inner satisfaction when the game is finally seized, is more than enough to bring a quiet smile of anticipation to his face.

The Chileans have long been noted as hunters. They love the game. American devotees would do well to give serious study to their undoubtedly excellent technique.

Note (see picture on left) how delicately, yet how firmly the prey is grasped. Note how speed is essential. Note how efficiently the modern automobile figures in the chase. Note, too, how much the animal appears to enjoy being taken, how contented it is, in captivity.

We are well aware how plentiful the wild ass is in the nation on the opposite tip of our hemisphere. Yet do not despair. With modern aviation schedules, Chile is much nearer than you think. Go there, by all means. It's worth it. Then you too can be a successful hunter. ●●●

After capture, the animals are amenable. They are left free to roam and never try escape.

HUNTING THE WILD ASS

In South America, hunters race their prey in motor cars!



In the hunt, the wild animals must first be separated from the herd. Then, after the prey has been cut out, the long hunt begins, with a chase over the flat pampas.


TURN PAGE →



natural beauty

*You can't see the forest
for the trees, when the
leaves hold Diane Webber!*

TURN PAGE



natural beauty *continued*

*Take 110 lbs. Pack 'em into a
38-24-36 inch figure and
you get lovely Diane Webber!*





by Bryce Walton

IT WAS EERIE as hell. The shadows turning kind of gray and the thick vapor coming in off the rotten, green-scummed jungle river. And that crazy, high-pitched Nip calling across the water.

"You ready now die? You ready now die, Marine?"

And then from a little way down stream that other one. The one dripping hate.

"Rikusentai! Rikusentai! . . ."

The kid replacement from K Company who had never seen combat before, the kid I think was named Ernie Thomas, had asked me about that a couple of hours before. "What's that, Sarge? What's he yelling?"

"That's the Jap word for Marine, Private," I said. And Corporal Bonin, looking like a big bleeding hippo laughing and elaborating a little just to make the scared kid feel a little better. "That's their word for Marine, honey chile," he said and watched Private Ernie trying not to chew away what was left of his fingers. "Christ, do these Nips hate Marines!"

"Rikusentai," the bitter whisper came again, filtering through the leaves and thick vines and hissing in the vapor.

"They sure hate Marines," Bonin said again. Bonin the bully boy, grinning, his fat body shifting in the muck as he moved his Browning automatic and sighted at something he couldn't see. "They'll give an Army boy a break. But Christ what they do to a poor wounded dogface. Like with Connell. Remember what they did with Connell, Sarge?"

"Yeah," I said.

Ernie's mouth was turning white around the rim. "Well, they run wire between his jaw muscles and pull his head back and get the wire around his feet and then they—"

Bonin was laughing as Ernie crawled off a little way and started urping his guts out, all over again.

Bonin had been torturing the kid all the way since our patrol had left the regimental CP toward Death Valley to blow up the am-tracs. But I didn't

care about that as long as they didn't interfere with the purpose of the patrol. All I cared about was blowing up those am-tracs. I couldn't afford to let myself feel or think about anything else.

Right now all I was worried about was sucking those Nips in across the river so we could chop them out of the way so we could go on.

"Rikusentai," the whisper came again.

"You ready now die, Marine?"

I figured there were ten, maybe fifteen, Nips over there, and I wanted to wait it out and suck them in so we could move on toward the Valley. This Nip party didn't know why we were there. They probably figured we were stragglers left behind when K and E Companies had pulled back.

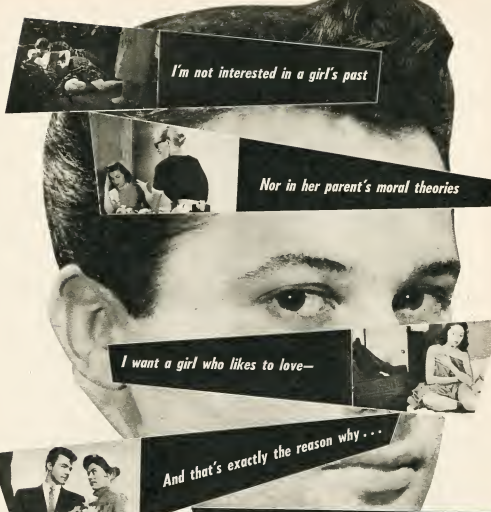
The Amphibian Tractor Battalion had abandoned three am-tracs and we'd been sent back in there to blow the alligators up. The six-by-six trucks usually used to haul in supplies couldn't cut the mud, so they'd used am-tracs to haul in ammo and 100 octane gas. Another Nip party over the ridge was heading for those am-tracs too, but not to blow them up. They wanted the ammo and the high octane gas to get some tanks and planes moving again on the Moya airstrip. We (Continued on page 48)



**"YOU DON'T COUNT
FOR A DAMN"**

When you're a US Marine and there's a job to

be done, you do it—and don't count the cost!



I'm not interested in a girl's past

Nor in her parent's moral theories

I want a girl who likes to love—

And that's exactly the reason why...

I'LL NEVER MARRY A VIRGIN

by Edward R. Masburgh

IN COMMON with most young men, there was a time not so long ago, when I was fairly firm in my belief that the girl I'd eventually marry would be, of necessity, a virgin. Even though I used to talk big, and make the normally wild statements about women that the average fellow utters when in the company of his friends, down inside, where all of us live secretly with ourselves, I just knew that MY girl would be sweet, pure and innocent.

I don't know why I felt that way. Possibly it was the result of my upbringing that made me believe as a fundamental truth, that girls were good little semi-angels, who wore white dresses, acted like ladies, and never, never, never did anything bad. It seemed to me that while other women might run wild, have fun, live life to the hilt and play along with me in any of my rawer moods, my girl never would!

Silly, isn't it? As if human beings can be safely sorted out and put into neat little categories! As if it were possible for so many young men to enjoy a sex adventure, without an equally large number of girls to share it with them.

Now this isn't any great revelation that came to me suddenly. Nor is it the result of my falling deeply in love with a girl who's not a virgin, and then making the best of a situation about which I can do absolutely nothing. I'm not particularly in love with anyone, nor am I, or have I been engaged. I'm a plain, ordinary happy-go-lucky fellow, of 27 years, who has gradually come to the conclusion that a lot of stuff I picked up over the years is plain, unvarnished rot.

I might as well start by saying that even were I to become engaged to a girl who was virginal, she would not be in that condition by the time we reached the altar. No—I'm not planning a cold-blooded, evil seduction. It's simply that in the process of loving, in the period of courtship, in the whole complicated business of getting to know one another, in the regular preparation for marriage, a sexual compatibility would undoubtedly be established.

This is no advocacy for the theory of trial marriage. It's a plain fact. It takes into consideration the experiences of millions of other couples, for, while it's true that there are a large minority who do approach their legal union in a state of purity, the odds are in favor of the fact that you yourself, if you are married now, also had some relationship with your present mate prior to the marriage day.

As I say, it's a fact. Statistics bear me out. And I make no bones about admitting that I don't consider myself to be any better in character than you are. I'm no saint. I'm a normal young man with the most normal urges in the universe.

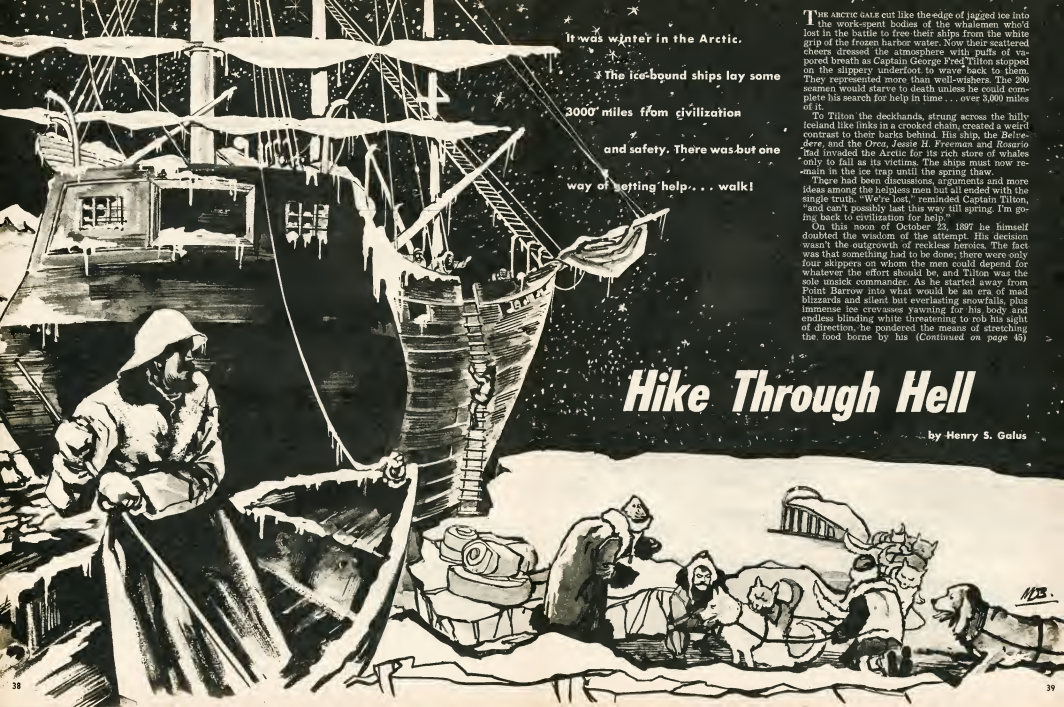
Just take a look at some of the figures. According to tabulations, worked out with the same care as those scientific samples used in market testing our biggest commercial products, it was discovered that 61% of all American women are non-virgin at the time of their marriage. It was further demonstrated that 32%, that is more than half the non-virginal total, had had relationships with men other than the one with whom they were mated.

Despite the fact that only 39% of all women were virgins at marriage, this smaller group accounted for 58% of all divorces and 64% of all separations.

A similar investigation accomplished in England, the nation with a morality closest to ours, showed that better than 70% of women were non-virgin at marriage. Yet the British have the world's lowest divorce rate. And lest you think that it is merely a matter of the stringency of British divorce law, it was found that among American soldiers, who married during the war in England, only 9% resulted in divorce. And further, 6.2% were caused by the bride's homesickness and inability to adjust to the American way of life. Of those who did adjust, less than three percent found divorce necessary.

But even all of this is almost beside the point. According to those same statistics, the very chances of my becoming engaged to a virgin are not great. There aren't that many virgins around, and with every passing year, every time I meet and date girls in my own age group, the odds against meeting such a girl grow larger and larger. These are not Puritan times. Today girls play around as much as fellows do. They experiment, they test and they try. They get into situations, offering sexual temptations, and year by year they resist them less, till at last, feeling like complete fools for having resisted so long, they give in. And who is to blame them? Certainly not I. In common with all men, I am constantly attempting to convince them to do just that.

I haven't lived celibately. I've had my share of fun and frolic, and it's been a good many years since I last had to pay my hard earned cash for the favors I seek. My amateur companions have all been what I'd call, nice girls. And, I've never thought a whit less of any of them for what they did with me—and by the (Continued on page 62)



It was winter in the Arctic.

The ice-bound ships lay some

3000 miles from civilization

and safety. There was but one

way of getting help... walk!

THE ARCTIC GALE cut like the edge of jagged ice into the work-spent bodies of the whalers who'd lost in the battle to save their ships from the white grip of the frozen harbor water. Now their scattered cheers dressed the atmosphere with puffs of vapored breath as Captain George Fred Tilton stopped on the slippery underfoot to wave back to them. They represented more than well-wishers. The 200 seamen would starve to death unless he could complete his search for help in time... over 3,000 miles of it.

To Tilton the deckhands, strung across the hilly ice and like links in a crooked chain, created a weird contrast to their barks behind. His ship, the *Belvedere*, and the *Ore*, *Jessie H. Freeman* and *Rosario* had invaded the Arctic for its rich store of whales only to fall as its victims. The ships must now remain in the ice trap until the spring thaw.

There had been discussions, arguments and more ideas among the helpless men but all ended with the single truth, "We're lost," reminded Captain Tilton, "and can't possibly last this way till spring. I'm going back to civilization for help."

On this noon of October 23, 1897 he himself doubted the wisdom of the attempt. His decision wasn't the outgrowth of reckless heroics. The fact was that something had to be done; there were only four skippers on whom the men could depend for whatever the effort should be, and Tilton was the sole unsink commander. As he started away from Point Barrow into what would be an era of mad blizzards and silent but everlasting snowfalls, plus immense ice crevasses yawning for his body and endless blinding white threatening to rob his sight of direction, he pondered the means of stretching the food borne by his (Continued on page 45)

Hike Through Hell

by Henry S. Galus

MS.



Visions That

Kill...

Puzzling variations in the density
of the air can bend light in an
impossible fashion, creating that
hoax of nature—the Mirage!

ONE DAY, a number of years ago, Major Frederick L. Martin took off from an Alaskan airfield. Soon after he had gained altitude, he discovered he had maneuvered into an area of sharp peaks. When he tried to escape the mountains on his left, he faced a treacherous crag head-on. Again he swerved quickly. But the wall was still there. Suddenly there was a crash. And the plane plummeted to the ground.

Fortunately, Martin survived. But the story he told sent shivers up the spines of veteran airmen throughout the world.

Actually, he said, the rocks were not there at all. A mirage had moved them thousands of feet to the left.

That officer was only one of thousands of mirage victims. For centuries, realistic optical illusions—not hallucinations—have hoodwinked men on land and sea.

Another airman plagued by mirages was Charles A. Lindbergh. On his famous nonstop flight to Paris, he was surprised to see Irish mountains and valleys unfolding beneath him, hours before he could possibly have sighted shore. Only by holding to his course, did he thwart the potentially deadly results of the optical illusion.

More often, however, mirages cause no more discomfort than red faces. One particular Arctic mirage baffled two distinguished scientific expedi-

tions for almost a century, and cost the American Museum of Natural History some \$300,000.

A BRITISH PARTY headed by Sir John Ross in 1818 first reported a new mountain range north of Baffin Land. But they couldn't penetrate the icy wastes to explore it. Later, in 1906, Admiral Robert Peary sighted a similar range and named it "Crocker Land."

Seven years later, the Museum of Natural History outfitted a costly expedition headed by Commander Donald B. MacMillan to map "Crocker Land."

MacMillan soon discovered how elusive Peary's "white summits of a distant land" really were. Charts were useless, the expedition was plagued by bad weather, and his ship eventually became locked in the floes. But MacMillan took off on foot with a crew of surveyors. The farther they walked, the farther the mountains retreated. Days later, the team admitted defeat. Observation had proved conclusively that no such place as "Crocker Land" existed.

The realistic details of phantoms created by mirages can be terrifying. One woman tells of having her boat nearly run down in Long Island Sound by what she and her husband thought was a monster ship. It was about five o'clock on a still, shimmering afternoon.

"Suddenly I saw a gigantic vessel rushing down

upon us from behind," the woman related. "My husband swung the wheel hard over, heading full speed for the rocky shallows where this monster could not follow to swamp us with her swell. For perhaps ten minutes the vessel came toward us; she was now so close that we could make out the shadow of the man at her wheel. Then as suddenly as she had appeared, our Leviathan vanished, and a small, quite ordinary cruiser appeared on the horizon behind us."

A camper in Utah tells of another prank by a mirage. He had been looking through his field glasses, and just as he lowered them a grizzly bear walked toward him.

"As it suddenly rose up, I yelled. It nearly fell over backward and retreated in a rushing gallop. Then the mirage fell to nothing. There was a cliff, but no bear. Behind the farthest end of the cliff I found fresh grizzly tracks. The mirage had bent the light rays round the corner, as it were," he concluded.

THE MIRAGE, THEN, is not confined to the desert or to the sea. It occurs whenever circumstances are propitious and wherever the temperature of the air causes objects to be distorted and displaced. And always the solid objects it mirrors are not illusory but real.

They have, in fact, played their role in the fortunes of war. There was the case in World War II of the submarine which had left its base on a routine daytime patrol. The Pacific sun beat down fiercely. As the vessel moved leisurely through the water, crewmen stripped to the waist and relaxed on its narrow deck.

Intelligence had reported no important Japanese ships any closer than Formosa Strait, several hundred miles north. Orders for this day in 1944 were to cover outlying waters where an occasional Japanese supply tender might be stationed. Thus far, radar had picked up nothing; the submarine had cruised on the surface all day.

Suddenly a sailor pointed. "Look there! It looks like the whole Jap fleet!"

Another sailor rushed to the conning tower hatch and yelled, "Lieutenant, target ahead!"

When the officer clambered onto deck, he stared in surprise. About 15 miles distant, a convoy was steaming across the horizon! Quickly he ordered all hands below.

"There's nothing on the radar screen," a technician reported.

"There must be," the lieutenant retorted. "I saw the ships myself! Within minutes the submarine was under water, moving toward its target, and the navigator carefully plotted an attack course."

"We're not getting any closer," the lieutenant grumbled after half an hour. "You're sure we're on course?" The navigator nodded.

For two hours the submarine chased its elusive target. Finally, in desperation, it surfaced. The convoy was gone. It had vanished into thin air.

Back at base that evening, the lieutenant asked intelligence officers about the phantom convoy. One officer consulted some papers.

"There was a convoy today," he admitted, "but you couldn't have seen it. It was our convoy—but it was 100 miles from your sector!"

The lieutenant learned that he had been a victim of nature's most puzzling hoax—the mirage. ●●●

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DEATH IN A RENTED ROOM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

some person or persons unknown." Scotland Yard had failed to get its man.

Almost two years passed. Several prostitutes were killed under similar circumstances, but the cases remained unsolved. As Supt. Cornish explained, "Murders committed by persons who have no previous contact with the victim are the hardest to solve."

In July, 1933, Frederick Field walked into Yard Headquarters with a newspaper reporter and said, "I killed Nora Upchurch. I'm here to confess it."

Divisional Detective Inspector John Collins heard him out. The prisoner appeared in the Bow Street police court the following day and the case was remanded for a week while the prosecution prepared its case for trial.

Field was brought to trial on August 10th in Old Bailey. His statement was read and the evidence presented. Details of the finding of the body were gone over. But when the accused man took the stand he completely repudiated his former confession and said, "I did not kill Nora Upchurch."

Questioning by his own attorney brought out that Field had deliberately confessed so that he could be brought to trial and his name cleared. "The finger of scorn and suspicion has been pointed my way since that girl died," he said, with the mock gallantry of an outraged citizen. "I want to clear my name."

The Crown was quite sure they had the right man, but the evidence, aside from the confession which had now been repudiated, was no more complete than it had been two years previously. The judge, in his instructions to the jury, advised them to find the defendant not guilty because of this. They carried through his instructions. Frederick Field left the court a free man. No court could ever try him again for the Upchurch murder.

It came out later that he had gone to a newspaper, tried to sell his confession, and when he was turned down by the editor accompanied a reporter to headquarters where he talked.

After the acquittal Field attempted to sell his story to another paper, saying he had been tried and found innocent but that he was guilty of the Upchurch murder. They made a deal with him and printed the story.

Part of the confession read, "I killed Nora Upchurch in the vacant store in Shaftesbury Avenue. I first met her eight months before I finally murdered her. She was a pretty girl and I met her on the street. She smiled at me and I smiled back. She took my arm and asked where I was

going. I had been working on a sign in a furnished flat in the West End and had the keys. I suggested we go there. She agreed. We spent quite a little time there and had fun. We met again on the street a week later. She stopped me and said she didn't think my boss would like what had happened in that flat. I asked her what her name was and then I gave her half a quid not to tell."

The confession went on to say the streetwalker had found out Field was married and threatened to tell his wife if he didn't come through with more money. These pay-offs were supposed to have taken place for several months. Field couldn't stand the incessant demands for continuous blackmail payments.

"I went looking for her one night," he said, "and took her to that vacant store and strangled her. She got what she deserved."

He knew he was safe because he'd been tried for that crime once. The paper that bought the confession was afraid to print it. But Frederick Field broadcast the story in every bar he entered. "I made monkeys out of that bunch at Scotland Yard," he boasted. "They had me dead to rights and I outwitted them. I killed that girl, confessed and still I'm free."

Scotland Yard and Inspector Cornish said nothing. But they watched and waited with the infinite patience that has become such a legendary part of their operational procedure. They had made their mistake. Now it was Field's turn, and they knew with absolute certainty that sooner or later he too would err. Time was definitely on their side.

Many people listened to the weird story, but Field's ego had been bolstered so much that he gave way to violent outbursts of temper. Even his wife and child suffered from his new super-ego.

MEANWHILE, several other London streetwalkers were killed. Most of these cases remained unsolved, but if Frederick Field had anything to do with them he covered his tracks well. Then he joined the air force as an aircraftman and was stationed at the depot at Hendon. He was AWOL on March 27th, 1936, and told a girl he stayed with that his name was going to be in the newspapers again, because he had done something. "You'll find out what it is soon enough," he said gaily and boastfully.

Detectives picked Field up as a deserter from the air force and returned him to Hendon for court martial. To the corporal in the guardroom he said, "I haven't seen a newspaper, but I can tell you

MY TREASURE CHEST

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

I am perfectly conscious of the fact that the eyes of my escort are usually fastened on something other than my earrings.

So maybe it would be unfair, and just a little teasing of me, to deny that I know my 45½ inch bust is a little bit unusual. Some of you wonderful guys who write me certainly let me know you think I have something unusual.

Therefore, it stands to reason that I should take certain steps to protect my endowment, doesn't it? If Dinah Shore can gargle to protect her voice, and Leslie Caron can wear especially made shoes to protect her feet, wouldn't you think I should do something to protect part of my talent?

Which is exactly what I did a few years back, when it became apparent that I had the kind of figure that could make the aforementioned Mr. Dior blow his brains out. I wrote to Lloyd's of London and asked them to draw up a policy which would insure part of my talent for \$50,000. Maybe you've read about it since. The ultra-gentlemanly gentlemen of Lloyd's were faintly stunned by my request, but they came through. Today I own the only Bosom Insurance policy from the world's largest insurance firm.

(I must confess I was somewhat disappointed that Lloyd's didn't send one of their handsomer emissaries over to America to investigate, first-hand, what they were about to insure. But then a girl can't expect everything.)

SHORTLY AFTER I discovered myself to be one of the most heavily insured girls in show business, I discovered also that I was on my way to becoming one of the most publicized, as well. Newspapers, magazines, and press associations made mention of the protection those nice gentlemen from London were giving me. A friend of mine told me, "Well, Evelyn, you're all set. You've taken care of your bosom long enough—now you can sit back and let it take care of you."

That sounded unappreciative, though. If the malar members of my audience wanted to come to see what had caused all that furor, I decided, it was my responsibility that they would never regret plunking down their price of admission.

The cracklin's had been used to help develop me. Now I needed something to help maintain me. I hadn't been in show business terribly long, but I'd seen enough girls in the same line—with attractive equipment of their own—treating their endowments as if those endowments would always stay firm and beautiful. I saw the decline and fall of one of the most famous busts

in burlesque, for instance, which convinced me that nothing should ever be taken for granted.

The owner of that bust was probably the top stripper of her time. She often practiced backstage, bragging, "Take a look at both of my meal tickets. They'll make the boys holler long after you girls are knitting socks for your grandchildren."

She was wrong. Her particular act, it seems, was to manipulate her muscles in such a way that one breast would rotate up and down as the other breast rotated down and up. It was a successful act; I could stand backstage and hear the men's full-steam appreciation.

Friends who recommended that she do something to guarantee a long life for a firm bosom, merely received her wrath. "I know what I'm doing!" she would sneer. "Don't you hear those screams from the fellows for more? They'll be satisfied for as long as I want to satisfy them."

There is, of course, a sad ending to that story. The fellows didn't stay satisfied because she had been much too satisfied. She would take more than an hour a day at the dressing table, painting her lips and cheeks. But never a minute pampering her bread and butter.

She sagged. And so did the box office receipts.

I learned a good lesson. No such fate was going to befall Evelyn West.

I MADE EVERY study available on the subject of Keeping The Bosom Firm. I was introduced to Gypsy Rose Lee who said, "Put ice on them; that's what I do and I've got no complaints."

Naively I blinked at Miss Lee. "Ice?" I repeated. "That's not for me."

"Oh?" oh'd Miss Lee. "And why not?"

"I'd hate." I informed her, "to keep them in cold storage for any length of time."

It wasn't that I wanted to be rude to Gypsy. I was simply sincere in my abhorrence of what I could imagine only as a new kind of Popsicle. The idea certainly wouldn't have met the approval of my audiences. So it certainly didn't meet with my approval. (I'm the blazing fire, cuddle-up, warm-me-up kind of girl, anyway. I'm unhappy with coldness in any form.)

Another star suggested, "They stay in tip-top shape when they're rubbed in cocoa butter."

That, initially, sounded as though it might just be the answer. But that same star (notorious for her queer sex habits, and I do mean queer) let me know that not only would her prescription work, but that she would like nothing better than to show me how well it worked!

If I would meet her that night after the final show, she would have a month's supply of cocoa butter there for me.

Needless to say, the cocoa butter method was not followed. From time to time, the thought has since occurred to me. . . . "If only she'd been a male star. . . ."

But I'm getting off the point.

One technique worked, I found, and I've been employing it ever since. Very possibly it won't sound to you like the most glamorous technique in the world—but I'm nothing if not an honest girl.

I believe in the Keep-That-Bra-On technique.

This does not include time spent on the stage, entertaining you. (I could tease the dickens out of you by refusing to take my bra off, all the way through my performance, but I'm not in any particular hurry to be shot at sunrise.) Almost the minute after I leave the spotlight and return to my lonely room, on goes the bra. And it stays on, all night long. Every night.

(If you ask me to swear to that "every night" on a stack of bibles, you're nothing but a cad.)

Seriously, I find a good bra makes for the audience's rah-rah-rah. The brassieres I wear when I'm not working support me when I am working.

If you care for the welfare of your own, young lady, incidentally, it would be the kindest act you could perform if you delivered my keep 'em-firm prescription to her. An unattended bust is like an unattended chandelier—both can fall down and hurt you unless they're properly girdered. (It's conceivable that you may not appreciate her brassiere hook being constantly locked, but just remember she's doing it only for you.)

Oh, yes. There's one other little scoop, while we're on the uplifting subject of bras: I never wear a bra more than once. On it goes, it does its job, and then finds its way to the waste basket.

Extravagant? That young lady at your elbow will probably think so. And you, you spoilsport, you'll probably think so, too. I agree that my trash collector man is kept pretty busy, considering that there are three hundred and sixty-five days a year and therefore seven hundred and thirty cups to fill. But—and you must be getting the idea by now—I've got to keep my bust raised if I'm going to go on keeping your temperature raised. So my seeming extravagance does work out well in the long run. My spirits are high, the man in Europe who sends bras by the gross to me is kept busy, you're happy, and my trash collector man doesn't find his job particularly tedious.

Well, those are the ways, more or less, in which The Treasure Chest keeps aloft.

Any questions?

•••

HIKE THROUGH HELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

dogsled. At most there was enough for fifteen days for himself, two Siberian guides and the eight dogs.

Within two of those days, reaching Icy Cape, the voyager was forced to huddle tight to the natives and dogs in the streaked blur of the first blizzard. Even when it attained its peak density he feared it less than what was suggested by the mumbo-jumbo of the guides. Tilton had been warned against trusting them too far. Did they mean to await his sleep, steal the gear he'd brought along from the Belvedere? The sail he hoped to use on his sled, an ax, portable stove, medical supplies. Doubtless most enticing to them was the food, the most precious crutch and weapon against the ravages of the polar waste.

The captain soon tottered in his battle to keep awake. Once or twice he succeeded in bringing his head up again, and he saw they were watching him closely. Then his head fell for the last time. At one point in the following void the guides sprang at him with the axe and were virtually finished with hacking his head from his body, but he awoke from the dream to find them locked in lamb's sleep beside him.

MORNING HAD COME, the wind subsided somewhat. Tilton muttered a plea for their forgiveness and knew he'd share his last crumb with them if need came. Fresh courage inspired, he became more determined to buck whatever next would be delivered by the devil, here in his deepest pit.

The Utukok River curled in the lap of the cape, and the captain belated his team in its direction. Maybe it would offer level footing along its bank. He quickly learned that hope must be swallowed more cautiously. Hardly had the group prodded the river edge when, with the thunder of cattle in stampede, the colorless blanket gave way. Tilton reeled at what he saw when the countless running, crooked lines ceased separating huge sheets of ice. An earth gap stretched far into oblivion, more than would have sufficed to gulp his whole company.

A complete encirclement was necessary now just to touch land again on the opposite side. Yet this victimization apparently failed to satisfy the sadistic counter influence that meant to haunt the skipper for thousands of miles more. Before he'd pressed forward another hundred feet, in fact, the dogs began acting queerly. One fell away at the lead, squealing. An unseen hole had claimed him, impressing Tilton with the new source of doom: salt water ice, freshly formed, produced tricky variances in ice thickness

like the black and red of a checkboard, one safe, the other a trap.

The leader perceived a single means of progress now, though it was absurd to call it progress. With the axe he crawled before the first dog in the nerve-sapping chore of "feeling" every inch of surface, straining while prostrate, stretching a foot like a mouse a whisker. Again ill luck—the axe finally escaped his cold-numbed fingers, and the drink drank it. The trekker cursed. His body demanded that he give up. A piece of his conscience insisted otherwise: perhaps those stranded at Point Barrow would eventually starve to the last, despite his attempt, but God would know as well as he that their deaths were made more cruel through his self-centered sacrifice of the hope they'd entrusted to him.

With an ice pick as substitute he kept up his cautious crawl all day and into the early black. At midnight he estimated his progress at a half mile, still he meant only sleep to interrupt it. Before morning could burst clear in the breast of the stark lains, he resumed the arduous nudge forward, and soon a bluish tint to the surface told him that land and not water began supporting the ice he designed to cover. Captain Tilton screamed fresh life into the chows and sped his group at constant pace into the glimmering horizon. When wind

burst strong hours later, he fashioned a sled sail from the Belvedere sheeting. The next day he figured he had absorbed another 25 miles.

As new sunrises came and faded with polar prematurity he coursed through an education that gave him an animal sense of survival against the worst that nature threw into his path. He learned how fast an Arctic pup can burn itself out, becoming as useless as ash; and though the captain openly cried with its loss, killing the chow and feeding him to his former running mates mustn't encroach on human fortitude. The cold was as savage as the country, if sometimes as still as it. It chewed at his face, seemed to congeal his blood clear to his wrists. His feet appeared replaced by shoefuls of ice. But because he was able to move on, he did. There were 200 white men back there.

THAT HIS LUCK couldn't be all bad—not relentlessly, anyway—was proven when his weary party struck an Indian village. At last here was the chance to bolster the slim food supply. The camp turned out deserted. Doubtless the natives had gone on an extended hunt, for Tilton encountered neither women nor children. Search of their squat huts revealed the tribe next to starvation, but one house held an axe and the white man's eyes gleamed. His clutch was not rapid, however. "Stealin' will invite more bad fortune ahead o' me." Shot had long been recognized as legal tender in the polar regions, and Tilton lay a



His scream of disappointment was cut short by the crash of a gun. Five of the escaping flock plunked dead. When Tilton spun around he saw that, incredibly, one of the guides held the shotgun—stolen obviously from one of the villages and secretly hidden from the captain for fear of his reproach. Tilton offered none. He only remembered that his own gun still lay in the sled.

Soon, the guides promised, they would arrive at the first white-man settlement. The "soon" became battered by another raging blizzard whose endless wall of snow completely disabled the trekkers. Too abruptly in its wake came a clear but titanic gale that crumpled them further. Before several miles could be covered, snow resumed, but at least it permitted movement. And though the blur obscured a lone building before them almost until they touched its slippery wood, their enthusiasm for fairly hammering down its door belied the completely sapped bodies they took inside. The eyes of the tenant, a trader named Anderson, bulged.

"Where, by God, did you come from?" The civilized tongue, the warmth of the shack, were medicine to Tilton. He and his band thawed and ate with lust as he tumbled out his story. Anderson wouldn't believe it: "No man could walk a thousand... the Lord knows, maybe more... in all that's out there, man!" According to the captain's later testimony, "That trader bid us goodbye and good travel still unconvinced. I let it go at that."

THREE MILES SOUTH of the post, as Anderson had said, lay a whaling station maintained by a Captain Nelson. Surprisingly upon reaching it, Tilton found that his Siberian guides were drawing back, shaking their heads frantically. They refused to go farther; the whiteface was as safe as they now at the station and would be insane to move from it. They had brought him here; their conscience was clear. Captain Nelson heard Tilton tell of his plight and offered two of his own Eskimo guides, Tickey and his wife, Canuanar.

"But—a woman?" protested the whaleship commander. "She'll be as much a burdensome devil-lady to me as to any New Bedford skipper who ever was fool enough to take one down to the sea."

In reply Tilton got a helpless shrug. The two were all that Nelson could spare; furthermore Tickey would not budge without his mate.

Though Tilton looked at her without appreciation, and shortly was to curse her, his eventual emotion toward her was all gratitude. It happened when Canuanar became lost at the approach to a Swedish mission near Unalakleet. Tickey apparently believed her willfully absent and brooded, refusing to take another step at the leader's order. Both were promptly astonished

when she came piling up a trail with two white men. The Swedes spoke broken English, but the captain gathered that officers at the mission center included one from an American revenue cutter.

The ship turned out to be the *Bear*, the officer Lieutenant Jarvis. He and his companion, Dr. Robert Call who was engaged in Arctic exploration, were more easily convinced of Tilton's feat than Anderson had been. Matter of factly, they were heading toward the very Alaskan ice trap that imprisoned Tilton's former mates. Unknown to any of the latter, a whaleship had fled the same waters before the fateful freeze set in. Arriving in the States it had disturbed government authorities with the assumption that other whalers hadn't escaped, were locked in at Point Barrow. Only an assumption or not, the government had decided to act and Jarvis, with the doctor acting as guide, was in charge of a group driving a herd of deer as food for the Point Barrow victims.

The news heartened Captain Tilton. At the same time he realized what the lieutenant put into words: "It's a gamble. We may or may not get through—and then we may get through with too few surviving deer to feed all the men up there." It was important that Tilton do the best he could in reaching either Canadian or American officials to solicit adequate aid. Jarvis gave him a letter to Colonel G. M. Randall, of Fort St. Michael, explaining the whaling skipper's mission.

The latter received not only a cordial welcome but a new stock of food and supplies, two fresh dogs and \$200. He would need all this, the post commander warned. "The shortest distance south to the Kuskokwin River will throw a string of mountains at you. I'd suggest you try going around, or you may never reach the river."

"What'll it take to circle the hills?"

"On foot an extra week, less if the weather holds fair."

Tilton grinned. "I suppose I'm a dog for even hoping something about this whole thing could actually be easy. A choice between weeks, this way or that direction, doesn't leave me any choice at all. I can't waste time of all things."

Almost as quickly as he deserted the fort, the captain experienced the severest cold of the total trek; it surely fell to sixty or sixty-five below for even the marrow of his bones stung. The footing in the mountains was hardly less treacherous than the worst experienced to date. Yet relief, the chance to walk upright and gradually race the chows was granted by the Kuskokwin's bank. Southwest across relatively minor hills that emptied into the Nushagak River, Tilton found a small fish cannery whose manager became so impressed with the whaler's experience that he gifted him with a

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pair of new dogs and a chart of the country pointing to Katmai.

It was the locale, opposite Kodiak, of the Alaska Commercial Company. Prior to leaving the cannery, he'd been told by his host, "You have come back to civilization." At Katmai, Captain Tilton was soundly impressed with the truth of that. Alaska Commercial's agent, an Isaac Herron, offered him and the Eskimo guides passage on the schooner *St. Paul* for Prince William Sound, two hundred miles down the Canadian coast. Steamers there would take him farther south. But the fare to the Sound? "Seven thousand—and I'm afraid you'll have to take it," insisted Herron. "You can't stay here for nothing, either."

Shocked, signing a contract for the passage, Tilton still was capable of a smile. "This, sir, is civilization without a speck 'o' doubt."

The rest dawned almost too uneventful for the trouble-scarred

mind and flesh of a man who had, as it became determined upon his arrival at Vancouver Island in British Columbia, compiled 3,380 miles afoot in five months and 22 days.

When he touched shore at Portland, Oregon rescue craft were already dispatched for Point Barrow. The captain dug into his money sack. "Out of \$395 dollars counted at the Point, plus \$200 received at Fort St. Michael from Colonel Randall, I had a naked fifty cents to my name. I paid it to a wagon driver for taking a letter entrusted to me by the colonel to the post office."

Representatives of a Portland whaling firm offered to return the Eskimo Tickey and his wife north on their next supply ship. Now Tilton wired a plea for transportation expenses to his native New Bedford, Massachusetts. The owners of the stranded *Betvedere*, William Lewis & Sons, telegraphed back, "You are an imposter, not Captain George

Fred Tilton who is with his ship. You could be Tilton only if you deserted the ship before he went into the Arctic."

Two rescue ships found all but a dozen survivors at Point Barrow. The near-emaciated men would have been fewer, save the kindness of native hunters who'd given them meat and taught them how to hunt more. Months later the New Bedford seamen reached home to convince the *Betvedere* masters of the truth of Tilton's mission to civilization. The company mailed an apology to him, plus the offer of a new ship's command. Decades later descendants of the company's president sponsored the spiking of a memorial plaque to the wall of the Seamen's Bethel, the chapel made famous in the classic novel, *Moby Dick*. It tells you that the skipper who set a heroic record afoot was "... the first man who ever walked back from a whaling voyage." ●●●

YOU DON'T COUNT FOR A DAMN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

had to get there first, that was all I cared about.

It was getting darker now. I could see Private Ernie ten feet to my right all curled up with his M-1 and his little pile of iron pineapples. On my left was Bonin, his belt loaded with grenades, and his huge body half buried in the mud.

PFC Crow was behind me on a slight rise of ground with his Browning Automatic. And Corporal Pressman was up in a tree trying to keep a lookout. Pressman was the best scout I ever saw. He could smell them. He really had a nose for Nips.

"They're getting ready, Sarge," Pressman whispered down to me.

It had been a seven man patrol when it was sent out to demolish the

am-tracs. And now there were only five. I didn't care about that either. It only took one to blow the am-tracs to hell. It didn't matter which one got there to do it, only I didn't think Ernie had the guts to live much longer, let alone get a medal.

That morning the two Gook guerrillas had told us where the Jap machine gun was, the Nambu, and Lt. Holder and I had gone over there to get it because one BAR wasn't enough to stop maybe fifteen crazed Nips. So we went over to get the Nambu. The Gooks were cut to pieces. Holder crawled a quarter of a mile dragging the Nambu before he died with a hole in his chest big enough to run a fist through, and I brought it on in from there.

I didn't want to waste that Nambu after what Holder had done to get it. Wait it out, I'd thought, make them get worked up and charge in over the water. That would leave the way clear on into the Valley where the am-tracs were. The Gooks had spotted that other Nip party going for the am-tracs to salvage that ammo and 100 octane, and those bastards weren't going to get it. I headed the patrol now that Holder was gone, and the Nips weren't going to salvage that ammo and octane.

Three times Pressman had to come down out of the tree. His diarrhea kept him jumping all the time. I tried to concentrate on the agony of my foot ulcer to keep my mind off the Nips, but I couldn't take the chance of taking off my shoe.

Ernie didn't have malaria, yellow jaundice, foot ulcers, diarrhea and fungus rot yet. I didn't figure he'd be around long enough to worry about those honors bestowed on hardy vets. I didn't feel sorry for him. I didn't feel anything for him. Pressman did though. He was always dropping a comforting word Ernie's way, giving him a smile. I had a vague memory of a time when I would have felt the same way.

It got darker. The moonlight moved a little higher. The vapor began to crawl in around my emplacement. I heard Bonin whisper across to Ernie. "Hey, honey chile, they're comin' to get us now."

"I'm ready," Ernie squeaked. And then he whispered it over and over how he was ready.

"They'll come in," Bonin said, "screaming and crazy, loaded down with satchel charges, and grenades hugged to their chests and they'll dive right into us and blow themselves and us all to hell!"

(CONTINUED ON PG. 36)



"I believe I owe you an apology."

LISBON

Paradise for Bachelors



A Bawdy Baedeker

**MAN'S ADVENTURE Presents A Guide
To the World's Wide-Open Towns**

by Mack Reynolds

TAKE YOUR PICK, Mister—How would you like to hang out with royalty? Do your drinking at the Wonder Bar standing next to ex-King Zog of Albania, or possibly Farouk of Egypt? Do your swimming on Estoril's beaches along with grand duchesses, countesses and such? Or would you prefer to stretch out what little dough you've scraped together for your vacation abroad and settle down for a couple of months spending no more than twenty-five dollars a week?

Come to think of it, you won't have to take your pick. You can do both in Lisbon and its vicinity at the same time. You can have an apartment or house complete with a servant or two to run it, and you can spend your time living it up in some of the swankiest atmosphere anywhere. And it doesn't have to run you over a hundred a month.

It's no mistake that the dethroned nobility of Europe has made a bee-line for Lisbon. They've been used to living high on the hog all their lives and Portugal is one of the few places left in the world where you can do it on a shoestring.

Let's take it from the beginning and work our way down.

Absolutely cheapest way to get there from New York is by taking a Companhia Nacional de Navegacao ship, tourist class, for \$150 minimum. The Home Lines will charge \$160 for the same trip, possibly a little more comfortable. If you want to go quicker, the airlines running to Lisbon will soak you \$364.40 one way. There's some talk of this last being lowered, check with your travel agent.

Once in Lisbon you've got to make a decision before we get into the meat of this article, the wine, women and fado. Are you here for a week or two or a few months?

If it's a short time, a hotel is your best bet either in Lisbon proper or in nearby Estoril, the beach town. If it's for a couple of months or more, you'll want an apartment or house.

Portuguese hotels run from here to there in price. You can stop at the Avis for about forty bucks a day for two, everything included, meals, tips, drinks. A former castle, the Avis is one of the top hotels of the world. Four servants for every guest.

At the other extreme you've got the Pensao Esplendida and the Pensao Moraes both of which charge a basic 40 escudos for room and three meals a day including wine. That's \$1.40 or \$42 a month.

There're hotels for any taste in between. For \$2.50 a day in Lisbon you can live in a pretty nice place with all meals and wine.

If you'd rather stay out in Estoril, handy to swimming, gambling, wenching, and such, you'll find the luxury class Estoril Palácio starting at \$4.20 a day, for room, meals and wine. And you'll also find the Pensao Royal and the Pensao Avenida both of which charge \$1.75 for the same thing.

But if hotels aren't for you, if you want an apartment or house where you can put up a guest, preferably female, for a weekend, (Continued on page 64)

Pressman said, "I can't stand it any more. I'd rather be buddies with a dead Nip than you."

I shouldered my M-1 and started wading down into the river and the vapor oozed in around me and I felt all alone. We had maybe five more miles yet to go before we hit Death Valley where two whole Companies had practically been wiped out and the am-tracs waited.

Already I had forgotten what Crow had ever looked like, or whatever he had said that was supposed to have made him different from any one else.

"Let's go," I said. "Come on, Pressman. Save that crap 'til we get the am-tracs. We're short-handed the way it is."

But I didn't look back. In a way, I didn't care whether they followed me or not. I knew none of us would ever get back to the regimental CP, and it didn't matter if only one guy got in to where the am-tracs were. I figured if anybody got there it was supposed to be me anyway, so the hell with them. The only thing was if we hit Nip stragglers or some patrols, I needed some cover.

But one guy with one hit on those am-tracs was all that was needed. All that ammo and 100 octane, it would go sky-high.

Halfway across the river, up to my armpits in the stinking stuff, a Nip's hand touched me and the way the water moved it, it seemed to be waving at me from the bottom of the river. I flung it out of my way and as I started on across with mud up to my knees I heard the others splashing after me.

I knew we were all as scared as Ernie was. Pressman included. And Bonin in particular. Bonin was more scared maybe even than Ernie was. And Bonin figured if he could just keep pressuring Ernie enough, keep little Ernie crawling and blubbering all the time it would save Bonin's face. Ernie could live with his fear, bad as it was. But I knew Bonin would crack wide open if he ever showed his.

Bonin had been like that all the way across the island, badgering weaker guys when he wasn't killing Nips. Pressman had it too, only he showed it in his way. I didn't give a damn just so we got those am-tracs.

When we took a breather once, I lay there and thought about them hunched in the rubble field of Death Valley, waiting to blow sky-high. That's what I was there for, and there wasn't anything else in the world anywhere. No more Barbara lying next to me with her lips open and wet and her soft body twisting in the dark. I couldn't even remember what the hell she was like any more than I could remember Crow, or Holder, or Collins, or any of the others. No one could ever name them all.

Pressman had to stop now and then because of his diarrhea, and

once Ernie fell down and lay there and insisted he couldn't go on because he kept getting sick and throwing up all the time. Every time we passed a dead one he had to throw up. Bonin kicked him until he stood up and moved on ahead like a zombie. Pressman was off in the leaves when Bonin did that.

Ernie came on up and walked beside me and his face was greenish gray.

Once, way off on the other side of the ridge toward H&S Company I saw some star shells go off like pretty fireworks, and way off so far it didn't sound real anymore, the Navy guns still shelling some emplacements on the shore.

"Why is it like this with me, Sarge?" Ernie whispered.

"I don't know," I said.

"Oh God, I hate myself now."

"You'll settle down if you live long enough, Private."

"We going to live long, Sarge?"

"I doubt it. But once we knock out the am-tracs, it won't matter."

"Why do I feel like this?"

"You're scared," I said.

"Don't you have anything to tell me, Sarge? You've seen a lot of it. Did you ever feel this way?"

I tried to remember. "I think so," I said. "Something like that."

"But you got over it?"

"Either that," I said, "or I just got too numb to care. If you're in here long enough, there's not a hell of a lot left for the Nips to finish off. Just remember, Private, you don't count for a damn. Forget about yourself. The hell with you and me and Bonin and Pressman and all the rest. We don't count for a goddamned thing. When you really feel that's the way it is, when you know you don't count for a damn anymore, then you're okay. Then you just go along killing Nips until the Nips kill you, and after that you know you don't count for a damn. Only thing that counts now is for us to blow up those am-tracs."

Private Ernie dropped back and we went on until we found the bogy road E and K Companies had used to come up and used to go back out again, out of Death Valley. The jungle started thinning out and the lonely road in the moonlight wound next to the high rocky ridge, jagged and full of caves and blasted bunkers.

We went past the shattered half-tracks, and the blasted bunkers, and once a Nip tank buried in the ground with just the turret sticking out that they had used for a pillbox.

Ambush breathed from that ridge, but I just kept walking because now I figured time was all important, and we were almost there.

We passed a pile of burlap rice bags with bloated bodies lying behind them. The road started down then, and I could see Death Valley like a big mud puddle stretching out and shining in the moonlight, all full of silenced howitzers, low-lying

field guns, and machine gun pits.

Pressman came up, his M-1 over his shoulder. "They'd be coming in close to the am-tracs by now," he said. "I figure the Nips are almost there too."

I nodded. They had had plenty of time.

We passed a half-track with one-tread knocked off by a hand-planted land mine, and twenty feet away a Jap lay dead where he had been hiding to knock off the poor guy who tried to get out of the tank. Only someone had shot half of his head off, or maybe it was shrapnel. I didn't know.

They hadn't named it Death Valley just to be cute, and that island was one Death Valley after another all the way across.

As we came down into the leveler stretch I could see the three shadowy hulks of the am-tracs waiting out there about five hundred yards, bogged down, knocked out with a grenade that had gotten the treads, but hadn't set off the ammo or the 100 octane.

"There," Pressman said.

"I see." I motioned the others down, and over there to the left, filing down the ledge between the flat-topped trees, I could see the line of Nips moving and they were all as close to the am-tracs as we were.

"All right," I said. "Spread out and start running in there. Rapid fire, Bonin, and the rest of you keep firing and yelling like hell. They won't know how many of us there are, and they'll probably dig in until they find out."

We did that, and I was firing as I ran. I could see the am-tracs waiting for me as I kept on running and yelling, and I could hear Bonin's Browning clattering like hell.

I heard Pressman yell out that the Nips had dropped down, dug in. By then I figured I was close enough and I hit the dirt and jerked a grenade up. One direct hit on the am-trac would blow them all up.

"Lob it in there for God's sake," Pressman yelled.

I was way on up ahead of them, and I was up on one knee, but I couldn't seem to get the grenade off. I guess I was afraid to throw it, because once those am-tracs went up, what the hell reason would I have to be out there? It was a funny, crazy thing to think about right then.

Then I got the idea. This idea of booby-trapping the tractors and leaving them there that way for the curious Nips to play with. Maybe I wanted to keep the game going a little longer, like the game was all there was and nothing else left in the world.

I waved the others up and told them. Bonin nodded heavily. Blood was running down the side of his face and he held his hand flat against his ear. Pressman looked at me oddly, then shrugged.

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and pull in, ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be shown only to those men in each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

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Daughter of Eve



Parisian Night

Daughter of Eve

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and he also ordered storm planks fitted across the starboard and port foreship alleyways as added protection. When the prisoners saw the deckhands fitting the huge storm planks across the alleyways, they screeched and cursed in every Chinese dialect I ever heard... and in a few that were new to me. But they made no attempt to interfere with the working parties and the huge planks were soon assembled and installed.

For a few hours, all was quiet. Then a group of some 35 prisoners dashed out of the hatch and rushed the gate. Many of them carried iron bars. They had raided the awning locker. The bars had been used to hold up the awning ribs and had been stowed in a locker when the Number 2 hatch awning was dismantled.

By the time the quartermaster turned on the water, the convicts had battered the alleyway gate to splinters. I aimed the hose at the shattered gate, but I couldn't watch to see how effective it was because they started throwing things again and I had to duck behind the rail to keep from being brained.

"Get the Captain," I ordered the quartermaster as I ducked a heavy stool. "Get all officers... chop, chop."

When the Captain and the other officers appeared on the bridge, the convicts did not halt their attack. Instead, they found more missiles to throw. The Captain and his companions joined me behind the bridge rail.

"Some of you get down to the gate," Captain Schlette ordered. "Don't let them off the foreship."

The prisoners shrieked and screamed like men gone mad. They pounded on the storm planks with iron bars. With rattan sticks in hand, the officers raced from the bridge to stop them. I did not think it possible, but the noise from the convicts increased. They were howling like animals. An officer staggered up to the bridge and reported "They've broken through the storm planks. They're fighting with the officers."

"Verdoemanis," Captain Schlette muttered. "I must not risk the ship further."

He pointed his revolver at the foreship and fired slowly and deliberately into the group of convicts. Whether his shots killed or wounded anyone we never learned. The convicts were in such a blood frenzy that we dared not go among them to search for casualties or even for corpses.

"Perhaps I should see if anyone needs help," the ship's doctor, a Chinese, said to the Captain... but he didn't sound enthusiastic about the idea.

"Nonsense," Captain Schlette replied. "They'd tear you apart. I must protect lives, not throw them away."

During this brief conversation,

"The convicts halted their attack. There was a moment of stunned silence and then they ran for shelter. Just in time, too, for the few officers who were trying to prevent them from rushing amidships were bloody, bruised and almost totally exhausted.

"Rig a steam hose in the alley near the gate," Captain Schlette ordered. "If they try to get out again, we'll give them steam instead of water!"

The Captain paced the bridge calmly while the engineers rigged the steam hose. They were still at work when he ordered Ah Tjan, the comrade, to the bridge.

"Find out what they want," the Captain ordered. Ah Tjan shouted several times . . . but there was no answer from the prisoners. Again and again he called and at last a convict's hoarse voice answered him sullenly.

"Ask him why they fight," the Captain ordered.

The comrade shouted the question and we listened as the hoarse voice came back in reply from the darkness of the foreship hold. It was a voice raw with anger, quivering with hate, shrill with the threat of murder.

"He say they want go everywhere, all place in ship," Ah Tjan translated. "You say no, they fight . . . kill Captain and all officers."

"Tell them they must stay where they are until the end of the voyage," the Captain answered calmly.

The comrade relayed the answer in a quavering voice . . . and was answered by a chorus of curses and threats. The prisoners shrieked and raved, but the Captain waved his pistol and they didn't try to attack the gate . . . yet.

THE FINAL ASSAULT came a few minutes later without warning and in deadly silence. The convicts poured out of the hatch and raced for the alleyways where the splinters of the storm planks littered the deck.

"Turn on water," Captain Schlette shouted. "Turn on steam!"

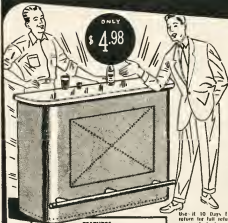
The steam valves hissed malevolently; the water hose spouted its powerful stream . . . and we crouched ready to leap at anyone who came through the cloud of steam and salt spray. There were screams of rage and pain as the convicts stumbled into the clouds of scalding steam, but none of them came through it. They retreated.

"The next time they come," said Captain Schlette, "only bullets will stop them . . . and we have only four rifles and one revolver!"

I was given a rifle and a handful of bullets and was ordered to stand guard on the starboard side of the bridge. Lagerway and Corten also were stationed on the bridge with rifles. The fourth rifle was given to the chief engineer so he could defend his engine room if necessary.

"Fire at anyone who comes out of

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age of thirteen. By fifteen she was as fully professional as a woman ten years her senior.

She owed allegiance to no one. He who paid the bills was master—for exactly as long as the money kept flowing. And whatever she received—she still wanted more . . . and more . . . and more.

When she was approached by the Reds with their fantastic proposition, her only inquiry was "how much." They told her, and even she whistled in long-drawn-out appreciation. It was three times as much as she could ever have earned on her own. She permitted herself to disappear for six weeks. No one missed her. She went to espionage school in East Germany. She studied hard. She was being well paid for it.

By the time she reappeared in West Berlin, the old Lullu had been totally changed. She had an object in life, now! And she followed through with a devotion to duty known only to those who have suffered for years, before achieving success.

These girls, Anna and Lullu, are only two out of hundreds of similar cases. Their histories are known. But in substance the facts relating to their pasts are typical of the overwhelming majority of women working this vicious racket.

But if the women play a part, a big part in the operation, what about the rest of it, the other half of this international treason cartel?

Well, from here on the girls fade out of the picture. The dirtiest half of the deal is men's work, if you can call the evil lice who take part in the filthy business, men.

In actuality, there is a large, complex, heavily organized group of communists, who do nothing except handle the details of this far-flung series of operations. Merely to list the jobs, is to chart what amounts to an underground army. In each apartment there must be cameraman, soundman, and light grip. Then there must be legmen, to get details as to the identity, military unit and specific job specification of each GI caught. There is a complete postal unit, to transmit the information gathered, both to the nation of which the soldier is a native, and to Moscow.

In the home country of the victim, the United States as far as we're concerned, there must be another investigation service, taking in every state in the union. There, details of the victim's homelife must be gathered; address, marital status, family, wife's name, children and job. These must be evaluated for possible espionage use. And finally, a group of contact men must be kept busy at the actual task of laying on the blackmail.

At the head of this ring for many years, was Dr. Hans Hartig, a native-born German communist. A short time ago, the headquarters of the outfit was discovered and raided

by Military Intelligence. Hartig was captured after a wild automobile chase. Taken to prison, he at first resisted all attempts to make him talk, although we were aware that he, more than anyone else, knew all the details and all the ramifications of the plot. Put back in his cell, he was found the next morning, hanged. He had taken this way out, rather than reveal what he knew.

The rest of the captives were guarded far more thoroughly, after that. But, so de-centralized was the operation, that between all of them, only the names and locations of seven traps was discovered.

OUR ALLIES as well are being caught in this trap. An example is the case of Sapper John Whitcomb, recently tried at Aldershot, England, for treason. Whitcomb, the son of a British Army major, was a member of the Royal Engineers. He spent a little time, while on leave in the German city of Hanover, visiting some extremely complacent frauleins. Back home in England, he was confronted a few months later by a series of photos, depicting his activities.

Whitcomb, newly married, panicked. He fell in with the Red plans. He became a spy against his own country and for a time worked hard to supply the communist espionage system with their demanded payments. Gradually, the criminal activity outweighed, even in his own mind, the horror of the photographs. He knew that he was in so deep, that there was literally no way out for him, in England.

He attempted flight. On his next leave he took a visa to Scandinavia, and from there attempted to go, by way of Finland into Russia. Only among communists, could Whitcomb now find any hope of a future. To his own country, he was a totally lost soul.

His flight failed. He was arrested and brought to trial. Then, not only his treason, but the entire set of circumstances that he had worked so hard to hide, came out—finally.

Panic is what the Reds count on. They know that any normal man, if given a chance to think the thing through, will never commit treason against his country. But they know also that in the very first moments, when the pictures are first shown, when the threat of exposure is first made, the man will be under a momentary state of shock. He will make promises, and perform actions that he will later regret.

By then it is usually too late. The ex-soldier, or returned GI is trapped. He has already committed an act of treason or espionage. The penalty for his crime is now so high that it is this threat, rather than the original slip, that can be used to keep him in line.

The communists even use this technique against their own soldiers. They are only too well aware of the

enormous well of discontent that exists in the hearts of their so-called allies. They have seen how the Hungarian Army reacted to the opportunity to get rid of Communism.

So, they happily supply their "friends" with women. The girls are SO sympathetic. They grumble and grouse about "conditions." They encourage the "visiting" soldiers to tell them all their troubles, their problems and their discontents. And all of it is carefully recorded against the records of the gamblers. Those who complain too loudly, are often listed as deserters. At any rate, they're not seen again. Where they go, only the Russian rulers know!

Of course that rarely works against the Russian soldiers. They are too uncivilized, too unsophisticated and too ignorant of what good conditions actually can be. They know only the semi-feudal, peasant's life that has been the Russian's lot for centuries. But the Bulgars, the Rumanians, the Czechs and the Poles know. So do the East Germans. They have all lived under a civilized society. And that very fact is an exploitable weakness as far as the masters of the Kremlin are concerned.

THE BIG QUESTION of course, is what can be done about this awful situation. Naturally, if the nation was populated by Danny Wrights we would have nothing to fear. But the big fact is that we're not. Only one man in a thousand had the intestinal fortitude to go and report his own weaknesses to the FBI. The rest will, at the most make a confession to wife or sweetheart, and at the least, cooperate to some extent with their commie blackmailers.

Most of all, we want to capture the Red cache of dossiers. If we can find out which Americans are on the commie lists, we can take steps to protect them against that inevitable day of the showdown.

The pictures, themselves, are small potatoes, as such. The FBI, and the Military services are well aware that it is impossible to keep our men away from German women. They are going to play around, and no power on earth is capable of stopping them. But that is where the business ought to end. And that is where it would end, but for this unexpected complication.

We know that with proper educational techniques a full and reasonable explanation can be made to the families of these GIs. We know that awful as the photographs may appear to be, they are far less horrible than treason and espionage. If blame attaches to the sinning soldiers, the blame is far better put on war, and cold war, than it is on the breakdown of a moral code.

And of course, every American serving in a foreign land, must be constantly on his toes. The most casual involvement with a German girl may well lead to disaster.

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Buskett is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis,

Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

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America's 12 Most Famous Artists



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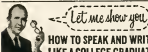
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Naturally it is almost impossible for him to tell whether or not his picture is being taken or his voice recorded by a hidden camera. But, so long as he knows that the possibility exists, he is that much more prepared mentally for what may come. He will be that much less prone to give in when the awful moment of revelation comes.

When he suspects anything, no matter how trivial, about a girl or a setup, he should immediately report the facts to his Commanding Officer. A well-timed raid can not only protect his own future and the futures of other innocent victims, but may also uncover an important link in the Communist espionage apparatus.

We discovered through the brain-washing techniques, that knowledge is the best defense. Those who were the most ignorant of America, its way of life and its aims, were those

who were most easily broken. It's an old adage that "knowledge is power." We must make use of that. So long as Americans know exactly what they're facing, they are able to bear up under the worst conditions. Surprise must be avoided, at all costs.

So, perhaps you were in Germany. Perhaps, too, you "relaxed" one evening, in a sumptuous house of pleasure.

And perhaps all the while, you were being photographed!

If so, you can be fairly sure that some day, when you least expect it, a stranger will approach you in the street.

Sure it's blackmail. Of course it's "dirty pool." Still you'll have to face it. The weasel mouth will put the question to you.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO ANSWER IT? ●●●

I'LL NEVER MARRY A VIRGIN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

way, what they obviously did, and do, with other boys.

Perhaps you think that I run with a particularly wild crowd. Judge for yourself. I belong to a fine, community, young-people's association. I date a good many of the girls who, like me, are members of that organization. We come from fine and respected families in town.

I've met most of the girls I know, at my club. Among the members, it is practically a rule of thumb that if a girl doesn't go to bed with a boy after the third date, it merely means that she doesn't particularly care for him, and it's time for him to look elsewhere. I know that if I haven't obtained any physical manifestation of love by that time, I don't date the girl further. The other fellows act exactly the same way. THUS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR A GIRL TO EVEN GET TO KNOW A BOY WELL ENOUGH FOR MARRIAGE, UNLESS SEX PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART.

Yet many marriages have taken place between members of that club. Almost invariably, it is between a boy and girl who in the past have each done considerable dating with others. Remember, marriage comes after falling in love. Before that enchanted state is reached, both boy and girl are completely free. And they act free. Believe me! I know what I'm talking about.

Possibly you may think that the girls I know do not make fine wives and mothers. They do. While naturally I can only speak from the limited experience of my age, I can say that of the twenty or so couples I know personally, who have been married for periods up to ten years, there has not been one single case of divorce. Most of the couples have children, some many children. Yet since the day their vows were solemnized, not a word, not a thought

of wrongdoing has touched them. Not one of them!

In that I agree, we are an unusual group. It is rare to find such a perfect marriage record in any social unit within this country.

ALL OF THIS is merely a set of circumstances. They are facts, not causes. Yet there are sound and solid reasons why virginity can be a positive drawback to courtship, and thus a hindrance to marriage.

First, a virgin is normally far more timorous when it comes to love, than a non-virgin. Frankly, she always has her virginity on her mind. She can't concentrate. She can't relax. She's so worried about seduction, that she sees a "line" in any ordinary conversation. She sees a "technique" in any plain suggestion that we be alone. She's afraid of seclusion and privacy. Not trusting herself, she doesn't trust you, either. Knowing that she is suppressing her own desires, she is always wary lest you are not sufficiently suppressing yours. She is so positive that you're "after something," that she's ready to jump back after the most casual kiss.

Secondly, and from a purely practical and down to earth point of view, by and large the virginal girls are usually the least desirable and the least attractive females in any group. They keep their technical status of purity, not because of any particular attitude of virtue or morality on their part, but rather because they have rarely been given the opportunity to lose it. Fellows don't try to "make" them because they aren't interested. Speaking generally, these are the women nobody wants, the leftovers, the wall-flowers, the uninteresting and the sexless. The competition for women, and it is a race of sorts, is the hunt

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for the best of the species. The value of winning is the personal satisfaction that one receives in gaining a prize away from others. To speak honestly, who wants a girl that no one else wants? If she's not good enough for any other fellow, she's hardly good enough for me!

Thirdly, there is the matter of personal enjoyment. Perhaps it sounds fine, in theory, to think that a girl, carefully conditioned against any remote enjoyment of sex before marriage, can overnight change completely, into a boiling hellion, merely because of a legal action, or any other moral permission. It's not true, as any doctor can tell you. The psychological barrier, erected over the course of a full lifetime, can take years to dissolve, and sometimes never departs. And, on those occasions when it is broken down, it takes a lot of careful, special consideration and care by the husband, to accomplish this.

I've no great desire to act as an unpaid psychiatrist to my bride. Certainly I'm not demanding that she come into marriage, prepared to give me a course in mental treatment. Yet somehow, the current crop of marriage counselors have come to the conclusion that women are something especially delicate, requiring kid-glove treatment. That's bunk. I'm a human being and I expect to marry another ordinary human being. I expect and am prepared to undertake compromise, the give and take of a marriage union. But I'm not prepared to see myself cast in the role of teacher, father—and doctor to my mate. I want to take her as she is. That's the girl I'm marrying. And I fully expect her to come into my family unit with the same outlook.

Fourthly, there is the matter of the double standard. My attitude regarding this goes right back to my last point. I believe in a marriage of equals. And, by equal, I mean exactly that. I think that women, as a part of the human race, are entitled to the same privileges as the male portion of the species. And note—they have the same responsibilities, as well. It's a part of the American way, to grant that equality.

It goes without saying, that I give, without reservation, to the woman of my choice, the right to the same

pre-marital experience that I have had. What right have I to demand virginity in her, when I definitely will not bring that exalted station on my part, to the union? It's expected to be that way, for men. No one complains in the least of any fellow who "sows wild oats." Why then should they profess to feel shock at a girl also sowing these same oats. Who do they think that the fellows are sowing with, anyway?

So let her have her fun. Let her do as she pleases, before marriage. Let her tell me her prior adventures, or not. That's her affair. All that I demand is fidelity AFTER marriage.

BUT, YOU MAY wonder what about all those girls who do live according to the old-fashioned code. To my way of thinking, they're an anachronism. They're living in a great big dream world of the past. They are defending something that's not worth the effort, not even half the effort. Their so called purity is totally meaningless, since 99% of all fellows don't bother their heads about the matter. One expects the non-virgin, these days, and being mentally prepared for the fact, any other situation is a matter for a shrug—and a dismissal.

Millions of men marry widows or divorcees. The rate of divorce in this nation, coupled with the rate of re-marriage, proves, as nothing else can, the lack of importance that the American male places on virginity. Certainly no man, marrying a woman whose second mating this is, even considers the matter of virginity. It doesn't exist, and he knows it with a certainty that permits no doubts. Yet it hasn't stopped these re-marriages—far from it.

One always suspects, to a large extent, the passion potential of a virgin. In the back of my head is always that gnawing doubt that perhaps the reason she hasn't had sex experience is because she has no real desire for it, has no true enjoyment of it, is of such a low order of excitement, that it might require a major task force to arouse her. And that's not the kind of woman I'd want to have as MY wife.

I've said an awful lot about what I don't want. Now, how about just a

few statements on the positive side.

The kind of a girl I want is the kind who knows how to enjoy living. She'll be a girl with an ordinary upbringing, like mine, and with a similar education. She'll have an identical outlook, and companionable hobbies. She'll be a girl who generally thinks as I do, and with whom I can have fun. She'll be prepared to take on her share of responsibility, and who will want me to take on my share, too. She'll want her own home and children. She will, in short, be the average American girl.

In sex, as in other things, I'll want her to be on a par with me. It's no great pleasure for one member of a family to be ahead of the other, in any field. I know full well that I'm nothing special in the way of being a sex expert. Any married couple has outdistanced me by a million miles. Just the same, I'm not starting from scratch. Neither will my wife.

I have no intention of "throwing up her past" at any girl I marry. Nor will she be throwing up mine, to me. We'll both be in the same boat, right from the beginning.

The very fact of having a "past" is a sign of maturity. Sex is a normal appetite, and a normal person treats it in the same way as he or she would treat any other. I certainly would not expect to marry a girl who had never eaten or drunk, who'd never slept or breathed, who'd never walked, run, played, been sad or happy. Why then should I expect a woman who'd never indulged in sex?

I want my woman to know what she's doing. I want her to know and understand everything that goes into marriage. Cooking, sewing, buying clothes or groceries, and keeping a house clean are only a part. So is that mental, emotional and mystical love that we talk so much about. There's another factor that goes into marriage—the sexual one. No marriage is complete without it. She must know that facet as well as she knows the others. She must be normal enough, and human enough, to desire it as strongly and overpoweringly as I do. I want it that way as hard as I can. That's why I say, "I'll never marry a virgin."

●●●

LISBON, PARADISE OF BACHELORS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

or throw a wingding for friends picked up on the beaches and at sidewalk cafes, you've got it made.

BEST DEAL is to do your house hunting in those small beach towns between Lisbon and Estoril. A fast electric train runs every hour between the two and there are a score or more of stops along the way. It costs about 22c for the half hour ride, so you won't lose there. At one or the other of these fishing towns

gone tourist, you can locate a place for twenty dollars a month and up. The and up is according to you. You can rent a palace if you want, but not at that hundred dollars a month budget.

Servants are practically free by our standards. You can locate a good all around girl for \$7 a month. A really good cook will bring twice that.

To locate a house go to any of these towns and sit around in one of

the cafes until you strike up an acquaintanceship with one of the local British-American colony. A new face is always an event in the community. They'll bust an arm helping you to get settled and invite you to half a dozen cocktail parties while doing it.

You're not going to believe this, but for the record its going to be possible for you to throw one hell of a house warming for twenty bucks or less. We're talking about the

works. A little fado band, say three pieces. Half a dozen varieties of drinks from Portuguese Champagne to beer. A dozen different kinds of hors d'oeuvres running from roast suckling pig sandwiches to prawns fried in olive oil. Say for twenty to thirty people.

If you don't like to throw parties yourself but would rather attend the other guy's on the theory that it's less trouble, don't worry about getting a reputation as a free loader. Nobody cares in a country where food and drink are so cheap. It's a rare day when there aren't three or four parties going on within a radius of half a mile if you're living on the Portuguese Riviera.

Once located in hotel or home, we can get to the real necessities of life, the wine, women and fado we were talking about.

The wine isn't any problem, Bacchus knows. Little Portugal turns out two of the six great wines of the world. Port and Madeira are only rivaled by Champagne, Sherry, Rhine and Tokay. On top of that, Portuguese brandy is excellent and dirt cheap and even their beer is better than usual. Beer in a bar will set you back about 17c for a mug holding roughly a quart or 12c a bottle.

You might not think yourself a wino but here's a must experience that can be had only in Lisbon. Right next to the national tourist office you catch a cable car for 20 centavos, seven tenths of a cent. Take it to the end of the line where you'll be confronted by the Port Wine Institute building. Inside is a bar where you can sample between two and three hundred varieties of Port.

Before entering pick up a sack or two of roast chestnuts from one of the street vendors. The nuts will cost another 20 centavos (Practically everything is cheap in Portugal!) and you eat a couple of them between glasses of Port to clear your taste buds.

A four ounce glass of Port will be from 9c to 85c a glass and you're going to be drinking something that only the filthy rich can afford at home. Wines served here could easily go fifty dollars a fifth in London or New York. We don't mean that cheaper genuine Ports can't be found for as little as \$5 in U.S. liquor stores but now we're talking about vintage stuff that might have been laid down when Adams was President of the United States.

Portugal has its regular table wines too. Whites and reds for daily consumption at your home will cost about 13c a liter (a little more than a quart). It doesn't take any time at all to pick up the habit of drinking a white wine with your soup or fish courses, red wine with the meat, and winding up the meal sipping a Port.

A few quick words on eating out before we discuss the female of the species.

By law in Portugal wine must be served free at every meal. The law specifies a good wine at that. Be sure you get it. There's no law so far as we know about the size of the portions you're served at each course, but they invariably turn out to be the largest anywhere in Europe. You can founder yourself on a meal that costs less than a hamburger would in your home town.

Salt cod is the national dish (called *bacalhau*) and they have at least a hundred different ways of preparing it. It's good, Portuguese style, take our word for it. *Caldo verde* soup is another specialty and tops. If you're a sea food fan don't miss *santola*, hot stuffed crab. Barbecued suckling pig is another must.

Now as to the women.

Portugal is one of the most straitlaced countries anywhere. Your chances of meeting a nice Portuguese girl and dating her are exactly nil. But we assume you have comparatively little interest in meeting a nice Portuguese girl.

Bad Portuguese girls are more available.

In fact, if you'll stroll along the streets of the Alfama, the old section of town, and particularly along the Beco do *Azinhal* you'll have to brush the bad girls off like dandruff.

Trouble is these bad girls make their living being bad girls and expect to be rewarded financially for their attentions. This however is a small problem since nowhere are wages lower than in Portugal, even the wages of what some folks call sin.

A very emphatic word of warning here. No contraceptives, rubber or otherwise, are for sale in Portugal and prostitution is illegal and the girls not medically inspected. This adds up to as high a VD rate as you can find in Europe.

However, all is not lost. Although you aren't going to be able to meet any nice Portuguese girls, you are going to be able to meet scads of "nice" girls from England, France, Germany, Scandinavia (you've heard about the Swedes!) and other European countries.

And this time when we say nice girls we mean it in the nicest sense of the word.

The fact of the matter is that they come swarming down from the north with a couple of weeks or so of vacation to spend and gleams in their eyes. Thousands of them come alone without menfolk to stand in the way of a quick romance with an American looking for the same.

Loaf around on the beach at Estoril or Cascais, have a cognac at one of the sidewalk cafes, in either town. If you haven't had your pick of blondes in half an hour you're either over sixty-five or look like Frankenstein's youngest. And since it's Estoril there's a good chance that your gal friend might have a title of some sort or other, espe-

cially if she's a permanent resident.

This is going to be another hard thing to believe but one of the cheapest places to take your date, before getting to the real business of the evening, is the casino in Estoril. One of the swankiest in the world and far surpassing those in Monte Carlo and Nice, it's still cheap. Always supposing, of course, that you don't start supplying her with chips for the roulette tables.

Drinks at the bars, even the famous Wonder Bar (Where Kings Drink!) are moderate. A bottle of local beer is 17c and German beer 63c. Portuguese cognac is less than 20c a shot. Try Constantino. Scotch and other imports are 50c and up.

You can spend the day at the casino, at least from afternoon on since it doesn't open until three. Entrance cost is 5 escudos (17c) and there is dancing, movies, a dining room, bars, a floor show and a tournament room with bridge, chess, etc. Most of all there's the gambling rooms. No craps, yet, but all the roulette and baccarat you can shake a stick at. Smallest chip is 5 escudos and, Mr., if you're on that hundred dollar a month budget stay clear of the gaming room unless you have a much better system than we have!

Sports (besides women) in Portugal?

Everything from mountain climbing and skiing to the full assortment of water sports including skin diving. And even if you don't care for Spanish bullfighting you might take in the Portuguese variety. The mounted *rejoneador* fights his bull from the back of precision trained horses that make Texas cow ponies look like truck horses. Pretty exciting. The bull isn't killed as in Spain.

Which brings us to song, since we've covered wine, women and related matters.

Song in Portugal comes under the head of *fado*, local equivalent of Spanish *flamenco*, French *chansons* or American jazz. *Fado* is on the tear jerking side. A Portuguese isn't really happy unless he's crying into his Port over unrequited love or some such.

To hear the real stuff you'll have to go into the native quarters and to the so-called "typical" restaurant-night clubs. Tops are the Adega Machado in the Bairro Alto region of Lisbon, the *Parreirinha* in the Alfama section and the *A Tipoina*. You can eat if you want of the typical Portuguese dishes or you can order drinks and sit around and listen to the singing waiters and the guitarists. You'll probably wind up the evening, along with everybody else, singing the choruses.

One last tip before you head for Lisbon. Learn the Portuguese word *Obrigado*. It means thanks and you'll be using it before you leave because you're going to have the best damned vacation you ever heard about!

WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

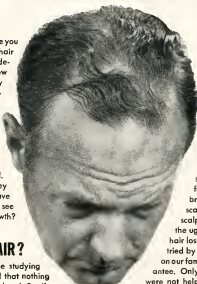
If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating



your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

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In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

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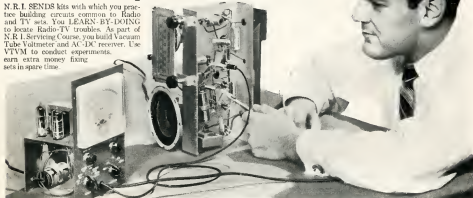
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David Salzman